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TOWN'S THIRD READER:

CONTAINING A

SELECTION OF LESSONS,

EXCLUSIVELY FROM

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

By SALEM TOWN, A. M.,

AUTHOR OF TOWN'S SPELLER AND DEFINER; ANALYSIS OF COMPOUND AND DERIVATIVE WORDS; AND TOWN'S SERIES OF SCHOOL READERS.

"Knowledge is Power."

COOPERSTOWN:
PUBLISHED BY H. & E. PHINNEY.

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PREFACE.

The selections in the First and Second Readers in this Series, are taken both from British and American authors. Those contained in this, Third Reader, are exclusively American productions. It was the design of the compiler to give as great a variety of specimens, both of style and language, from some of the best writers of our own country, as the limits of the work would allow. He has moreover endeavored to make such selections and abstracts as contain valuable instruction, both as to matters of fact, correct sentiment, and commonly received opinions.

Nothing more effectually secures interest in any class of readers than the perusal of such articles as abound with rich thought clearly and forcibly expressed. The mere verbiage of a sentence may flow smoothly and fall in harmonious accents on the ear, but aside from that living imagery of ideas which feasts the intellect, such productions afford the reader little pleasure and less profit.

Reading lessons for the use of schools should be selected with special reference to style, sentiment, and instruction. The style should be chaste, elevated, and attractive; the sentiment correct and the instruction substantially beneficial. The scholar requires no more time to read a well written article, abounding with such ideas as are involved in the topic, than an equal amount of language comparatively barren.

We are all imitative beings, and our habits of thought, modes of expression, moral sentiments, and intellectual character, are no less influenced by the books we read, than our social habits and common deportment are by the company we keep. Both exert a powerful influence over the young. The one on the embellishments of the mind; the other, on the urbanity of manners.

The rules and observations designed to promote correct reading are the same as found in Reader No. 2. In addition to these however, are a few very concise Rules, for the benefit of young writers in their first efforts in composition. These should be committed to memory and rendered entirely familiar.

In the latter part of this Reader are a few selections suitable for declamation, or rhetorical reading. Speaking is an important exercise, and is becoming somewhat common in the primary schools generally.

At the close of the Reader are ORIGINAL RULES, by which the true place of accent may be determined in most words in the language. Eleven of these Rules designate the accented syllable in entire classes of words, without even a single exception.

CONTENTS.

Rules for Reading, ... 7
Rules in aid of Composition, ... 17

LESSONS FOR READING.

Pre-eminence of our National Institutions. *Bancroft*, ... 19
Fate of the Indians. *Story*, ... 21
Western Movements of Civilization. *Molley*, ... 24
The Pilgrims. *Mrs. Sigourney*, ... 28
Ancient Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneum, ... 30
Ancient Rome, &c., concluded, ... 32
Westminster Abbey. *Lester*, ... 35
Falls of Niagara. *Beecher*, ... 41
Rural Life in England. *Irving*, ... 44
To a Star. *Miss Davidson*, ... 49
Eulogy on Washington. *Otis*, ... 50
Natural Bridge in Virginia. *Simple Sketches*, ... 54
Western Emigration. *Humphreys*, ... 59
Wier's Cave in Virginia. *Simple Sketches*, ... 60
Unwritten Music. *Willis*, ... 63
A Summer Shower. *Norton*, ... 69
Life in Sweden. *Longfellow*, ... 70
The Sea. *Greenwood*, ... 75
Song of the Stars. *Bryant*, ... 82
St. Peter's Church at Rome. *Dewey*, ... 83
Cultivation of taste for Beauty. *Channing*, ... 88
The Spirit of Beauty. *Dawes*, ... 91
The Bereaved Sister. *Unknown*, ... 91
Advantages of Temperance. *Hitchcock*, ... 98
Our Own Country. *Every Body's Book*, ... 101
Our Country. *Pabodie*, ... 109
The Mammoth Cave, Ky.; *Unknown*, ... 110
Mammoth Cave, concluded, ... 114
The Last Night of the Voyage. *Shaw*, ... 117
Return and Reception of Columbus. *Irving*, ... 120
The Leaf. *Goodrich*, ... 124
The Wife. *Irving*, ... 125
Home. *Unknown*, ... 130
Mount Monadnock. *Peabody*, ... 132
Exalted Character of Poetry. *Channing*, ... 134
Mental Discipline. *Todd*, ... 136
The Indian as he was, and as he is. *Sprague*, ... 140
The closing of the Year. *Prentice*, ... 142
The Death of Napoleon. *McClellan*, ... 145
Sorrow for the Dead. *Irving*, ... 146
Integrity. *Unknown*, ... 149
A Scene at Sea. *Leggett*, ... 151
Melancholy. *Unknown*, ... 158
Eruption of a Volcano. *Coan*, ... 160

Escape from a Panther. *Cooper*, ... 167
Song of the Pilgrims. *Upham*, ... 172
Description of a herd of Bisons. *Cooper*, ... 174
The Villager's Winter Evening. *Fields*, ... 178
Lakes and the Ocean. *Mellen*, ... 179
The Fine Arts. *Dewey*, ... 181
Hafed's Dream. *Todd*, ... 183
Hafed's Dream, concluded, ... 187
Lament of the Cherokee. *Unknown*, ... 191
A Ghost Story. *Whittlesey*, ... 192
Astronomy. *Wirt*, ... 196
Ursa Major. *Ware*, ... 199
The twenty-second of December. *Bryant*, ... 202
Female Education. *Story*, ... 203
Night in Eden. *Mrs. Evans*, ... 205
Greenough's Washington. *Tuckerman*, ... 207
Imaginary Dedication of a Heathen Temple. *Ware*, ... 208
Thanatopsis. *Bryant*, ... 213
Physical Education. *Humphrey*, ... 216
To a Sister who had lost her only Son. *Unknown*, ... 218
A Finished Education. *Unknown*, ... 219
Our Obligations as Citizens. *Knowles*, ... 221
Ames' Speech on the British Treaty, ... 222
Ames' Speech, concluded, ... 224
The Eagle. *Street*, ... 226
Influence of Superior Minds. *Sprague*, ... 227
Nature of True Eloquence, ... 228
Our Native Land, ... 229
Scotland, ... 230
Jack Halliard's Speech, ... 231
The loss of National Character, ... 232
The Captive Chief, ... 233
Exordium of a Speech. *Webster*, ... 234
Eulogy on Hamilton, ... 236
Union—Liberty, ... 237
Prologue and Epilogue, ... 239
Henry's Speech, ... 241
One Century after Washington, ... 242
Ode to Art, ... 243
The Condor, ... 244
Self-Instruction. *Clark*, ... 246
Gen. Washington's Farewell. *Ramsey*, ... 248
Letters to Young Ladies. *Mrs. Sigourney*, ... 253
The Brothers, ... 259
I thought he Slept, ... 260
Genius Waking, ... 261
The Yankee Marksman—Dialogue. *Fowle*, ... 263
The Miller..... do.. *Unknown*, ... 267
Pedigree..... do.. *Fowle*, ... 271
Fortune's Frolic, ... do.. *Allingham*, ... 274
A Scene in the Catskill Mountains. *Mellen*, ... 280
To Seneca Lake. *Percival*, ... 282
Rules for Pronouncing, ... 283

RULES AND OBSERVATIONS ON READING.

To become a *good* reader is a valuable attainment. T ensure success, the first step is decision on the part of th scholar. The second is effort, and the third perseveranc The purpose of mind must be as firmly fixed to break u and abandon *bad* habits, as to establish and confirm *goo* ones. Therefore,

1. Avoid a dull and drawling manner.
2. Avoid too rapid an utterance of words.
3. Avoid a thick and cluttered pronunciation.
4. Avoid clipping words by imperfect utterance.
5. Avoid a mechanical variety—sliding the voice u and down in a kind of sing-song tone.
6. Avoid beginning a sentence on a high and straine key, and gradually sinking the tone till it tapers off i apparent faintness.
7. Avoid careless blunders in the pauses of punctuatior
8. Avoid reading every character of style alike.

GENERAL HEADS.

All the essential requisites in order to become a goo reader or speaker, are comprised under three general heads viz:

1. Articulation.
2. Inflections of voice.
3. Modulation of tones.

1. Concerning good articulation.

Definition. Good articulation consists in giving ever letter its appropriate sound, and every syllable and wor a proper and distinctive utterance.

Rule 1. Take special care to give clearness of expres sion in the utterance of such consonant sounds as mar the distinction of words.

EXERCISES.

Times and Seasons. Wastes and deserts. For Christ' sake. His sister hates study. The beasts straggle

through the wastes and forests. The winds strike the ship's sails. It was the severest storm of the season, but the masts stood through the gale. The steadfast stranger grasps the thistle's stalk. When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw.

RULE. 2. Give each vowel under accent that distinctive elementary sound the word requires, and avoid such a half-suppressed utterance of the unaccented vowels as leaves the letter unknown, or assimilates the sound to some other.

EXAMPLES.

I mean to say "government," but seem to say "govermunt."

I mean to say "proceed," but nothing is heard but "prcede;" leaving it uncertain whether it was "proceed" or "precede."

I mean to say "wholly," but actually do say "hully."

RULE 3. Pronounce each word so as not to transfer the sound of its last letter to the succeeding word.

EXAMPLES.

I wish to say "this is an *ice* house;" but from an indistinct articulation I am understood to say, "this is a *nice* house."

I mean to say,	That lasts till night.
Am heard to say,	That last still night.
I mean to say,	Such an ocean exists.
Am heard to say,	Such a notion exists.

RULE 4. Each syllable on which the several accents fall must be marked by its proper distinctive stress of voice.

NOTE. The figure 1 denotes the full accent, and 2 the half accent.

EXAMPLES.

2 1 2 1 1 2
Ac-ri-mo-ni-ous. Val-e-dic-to-ry. Ex-pi-a-to-ry.

1 1 1
Velocity is the swiftness of motion.

1 1 1
Bob Fletcher the plowman and Judy his wife.

1 1
Illustrious deeds and memorable names.

1 1
Slowly and sadly we laid him down.

NOTE. Clear and distinct articulation are indispensable in forming a good reader.

2. Of inflections of voice.

DEFINITION. Inflections of voice are modifications in the slides of sound, rising above or falling below that key tone on which we commence reading or speaking a sentence.

The several inflections of the voice are indicated by the following characters, viz:

/ The upward slide of the voice.
\ The downward slide of the voice.
— The monotone or continued sameness of sound.
∪ The circumflex, or undulated tone.

NOTE 1. Although each of the above characters indicates an inflection of voice the same in *kind*, yet in degree, intensity, and significant expressiveness, there is a great variety of shades.

NOTE 2. Whoever wishes for the most perfect specimen of all the natural inflections of voice, will find it by conversing with children of sprightliness and vivacity, from three to five years of age, or by listening to animated conversation between two intelligent individuals.

RULE 1. The rising inflection is always used in such direct questions as may be answered by *yes* or *no;* while the answer to such questions requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Will you go to dáy? Nò.
Will you go to mòrrow? Yès.
Do temptátions surróund you? Trust in Gòd.
Did Clodius way-lay Mílo? He did.
Was that George Wáshington? It wàs.
Will he come to dáy? Nò, but to mòrrow.

RULE 2. Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive *or*, require the rising slide before it, and the falling slide after it.

EXAMPLES.

Was it from heáven, or of mèn.
Shall we remáin, or depàrt.
Is this book yoúrs, or mìne.
Shall I come to you with a ród, or in lòve.

RULE 3. When a negative clause precedes an affirmative, the two being in opposition to each other, the former has the rising, and the latter the falling slide.

EXAMPLES.

I do not read for amúsement, but for improvement.
He did not come here to remáin, but to depàrt.
He will not go to dáy, but to mòrrow.
I did not say a bétter soldier, but an èlder.

RULE 4. The pause of suspension between members of the same sentence, requires the rising slide.

EXAMPLES.

The beauty of a pláin, the greatness of a móuntain, the ornaments of a búilding, the expression of a pícture, and the composition of a discóurse, are to some persons matters of little or no interest.

RULE 5. The expression of tender emotions inclines the voice to a gentle upward slide.

EXAMPLES.

Is your fáther well, the *old mán* of whom ye spáke? Is *hé* yet alive? Jesus saith unto her, Máry.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast déad,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shéd.

RULE 6. The last pause but one in a sentence closed by a falling inflection, usually has a very slight upward slide, by way of contrast with the closing cadence.

EXAMPLES.

The minor longs to be at âge, then to be a man of bùsiness, then to make up an estàte, then to arrive at hónors, then to rètire.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy sòul, and with all thy strènglh, and with all thy mínd, and thy neighbor as thyself.

RULE 7. The indirect question, not answered by *yes* or *no*, together with its answer, has the falling slide.

EXAMPLES.

Where is bòasting then? It is exclùded.
What sort of a place do I inhàbit? A dèsert.
Who can forbear to smile with nature?
How shall I learn to meet those tèrrors?
At whose brèast was your dagger àimed? Your's.

RULE 8. The language of authority, surprise, denunciation, exclamation and terror, in most cases require a very slight falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

How shòcking must thy summons be, O dèath!
Wo unto you, Phàrisees; wo unto you, scrlbes.
Oh, hàppiness, our being's end and aim.
Angèls! and ministers of grace defènd us.
Hark ye, it was the roar of cànnon.

RULE 9. An emphatic succession of particulars; an emphatic repetition, and the final pause, require the falling slide. (Except as see Rule 6th.)

EXAMPLES.

Thrice was I beaten with ròds; once was I stòned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day have I been in the dèep.

You wròng me every way, you wròng me, Brutus.

The sentence is pàssed; you are condèmned to die.

RULE 10. An emphatic succession, becoming more and more intensive, requires an increasing stress of voice, both in the upward and downward slides.

EXAMPLES.

I tell you, though you, though all the world, though an angel from heaven, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.

Sliding from a tone above the key to one below:

The testimony was given not by narrative, but by interrogatories.

Sliding from the key upward to the close:

Did he dare to propose such interrog stories?

RULE 11. Every sentence naturally closes with a fall of the voice; but this natural cadence is frequently overruled by such other inflections as are indispensable to the sense.

EXAMPLES.

Children should treat their parents *kindly*, not treat them ill.

You were paid to *fight* Alexander, not to ráil at him.

If we have no regard to our *own* character, we ought to have some regard to the character óthers.

NOTE. The common faults against which teachers should guard their pupils in the final cadence are, 1st. Such a uniformity as becomes monotonous; and 2d. Beginning the cadence too soon and sliding it down gradually.

THE CIRCUMFLEX.

DEFINITION. Circumflex is a slight undulation of sound by which we combine the falling and rising slide, in uttering a syllable or word. It is a delicate inflection of peculiar significance.

RULE 1. The circumflex is mainly confined to hypothetical and ironical language, or such as implies contrast.

EXAMPLES.

Shall thĕy be blameless, while wĕ are condemned?

The sun is up; but sleĕp on, tăke your rest.

They tell ŭs to be moderate; but thĕy, thĕy are to revel in profusion.

And the High Priest said, are these things sŏ?

EMPHASIS.

DEFINITION. "Emphasis is a distinctive utterance of words which are especially significant, with such a degree and kind of stress as conveys their meaning in the best manner."

NOTE. Changing the emphatic words changes the sense.

EXAMPLES.

Did *you* give an apple to Tom? No, *Sam* gave it to him.
Did you *give* an apple to Tom? No, he *stole* it from me.
Did you give an *apple* to Tom? No, I gave him a *pear*.
Did you give an apple to *Tom?* No, I gave it to *John*.

RULE 1. That word which marks the import of the expression must be spoken emphatically.

EXAMPLES.

Study not so much to *show* knowledge, as to *acquire* it.
It is not so difficult to *talk* well, as to *live* well.
The *wise man* is happy, when he gains his *own* approbation; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.
The mind that would be *happy* must be *great*.
I that deny thee *gold*, will give my *heart*.

RULE 2. Strong emphasis always requires corresponding intensity of inflections.

EXAMPLES.

The fault, dear, Brutus is not in our *stárs*, but in ourselves. Dare *yóu* approach that foe?
We must take heed not only what we *sáy*, but what we *dó*. It is not only *possible*, but *probable*.

RULE 3. The utterance of a succession of emphatic words, or an emphatic clause, must be deliberate; while the degree of stress, with the intensity of inflections, must be governed by the sense.

EXAMPLES.

They have *beaten* us, *openly*, *uncondemned*, being *Romans*, and have cast us into *prison*, and now, do they thrust us out *privily?* The *young* are slaves to *novelty*, the *old* to *custom*. Heaven and Earth shall witness, IF-ROME-MUST-FALL-that we are innocent.

NOTE. To know when the emphatic word takes the rising, and when the falling slide, see Rules under inflections.

MODULATION.

Definition. Modulation is judiciously applying all those significant inflections of the voice, which constitute the main excellencies of utterance in the accomplished reader and speaker.

Rule 1. In addition to the foregoing instructions on the inflections, a clear perception of the sentiments uttered, and the emotions implied in the language, are indispensable guides to a correct modulation of the voice.

Rule 2. The pitch of the voice, and the volumes of sound, must not only be regulated by the spirit and import of the language, but with reference also to the occasion, place, and circumstances.

Note. The voice has three pitches: the high, in calling aloud; the low, a little above a whisper; and the middle, or conversational voice. Each admits of various degrees, more or less intensive.

Rule 3. The pitch of the voice must be such as to give the most natural range of slide, above and below the key tone.

MONOTONE.

Definition. Monotone is a sameness of sound on successive syllables or words.

Rule 1. Monotone is seldom allowable except in grave description, where emotions of sublimity or deep reverence are to be expressed.

EXAMPLE.

He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet. And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away and there was found no place for them.

Rule 2. The monotone requires a deliberate, grave and dignified emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

DEFINITION. Rhetorical pause is a suspension of voice where grammatical punctuation does not require it.

EXAMPLES.

Industry is the guardian of innocence.
Prosperity gains friends; *adversity* tries them.
Some place true bliss in action, *some* in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment *these*.

NOTE. Rhetorical pauses are known by the emphatic words. The stress of voice and length of pause must be governed by the impressiveness of the thought to be imparted.

OF READING POETRY.

RULE 1. The metrical accent and grammatical pauses in poetry must be so managed as to preserve the sense, without impairing the harmony of composition.

RULE 2. When the sentiment is delicate, or the language plaintive, the inflection must be soft and sympathetic.

EXAMPLES.

Yes—my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country;
Can I bid you all farewéll?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwéll?

RULE 3. When the thought is sublime, the language bold and energetic, the utterance and inflections must correspond in character.

EXAMPLES.

ADDRESS TO MONT BLANC.

Thou kingly spirit thron'd among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

CÆSURAL PAUSE.

DEFINITION. The cæsural pause in poetry is to render the sentiment more emphatic, and make the versification sound more melodious.

EXAMPLES.

Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars || and blossoms in the trees.

NOTE. In reading blank verse there should be a very slight suspension or protraction of voice at the end of each line, although the grammatical construction requires none.

EXAMPLE.

ADDRESS TO MONT BLANC ICE-FALLS.

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keenfull Moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at thy feet?—
God! let torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!

TRANSITION.

DEFINITION. The transition of the voice, unlike the inflections, is a sudden change of the key from low to high, or from high to low, or to such intermediate tone as shall best accord with those emotions of the mind implied by the language.

NOTE. Good taste must decide when and where to introduce transitions of the voice; on what key of tone, and with what degree of intensity.

RULES FOR COMPOSITION.

A few suggestions to aid those who desire to improve their style in composition. The brevity of the Rules is such, that any student may easily commit them to memory, and avail himself of such benefits as they may afford.

1. Select a subject within your comprehension.
2. Reflect on it much, and render yourself familiar with the ideas, before you commence writing.
3. Never write in a loose, or careless manner.
4. Be careful to use such words as shall convey your thoughts most clearly to others.
5. Avoid low or vulgar expressions.
6. Remember that a good sentence requires these four following properties, viz. 1. Clearness. 2. Unity. 3. Strength. 4. Harmony.

OF CLEARNESS.

1. The words you employ must be so chosen as to convey your idea, without the least ambiguity.
2. The words and members of the sentence should be so arranged, as to show their precise relations of significant import to each other.

OF UNITY.

1. Unity implies, that the sentence contains but *one* leading idea, distinctly expressed.
2. The main idea, or leading thought in the same sentence, should be changed as little as possible.
3. Whatever would essentially disturb the unity of a *single* sentence, should be divided into two.
4. Avoid, as far possible, a parenthesis in the sentence.
5. Bring the sentence to a natural close. That is, when the idea is distinctly expressed, the sentence ends.

STRENGTH.

1. To promote the strength of a sentence, lop off all unnecessary words.
2. Use great care in placing the relatives, conjunctions, adverbs and prepostions, precisely where the sense requires them.

3. The principal word or words on which the strength of thought depends, must be placed where they will make the strongest impression.

4. If there are several members of the sentence, place the less important first.

5. Never close the sentence with a preposition, or any unimportant word.

HARMONY.

1. Harmony implies the use of such words and combinations, as fall on the ear with an agreeable sound.

2. Whatever is easy of utterance to the organs of speech, is commonly most agreeable to the ear.

3. A due intermixture of long and short sentences promotes harmony.

4. The longest member of the sentence, and the most sonorous words, should, if practicable, fall at the close.

5. It is a great beauty to embody such words in a sentence, as shall in sound, correspond with the sentiment expressed.

LESSON I.

PRE-EMINENCE OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and the defense of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism. While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by which it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice; invention is quickened by the freedom of competition; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers. A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us on terms of equality and honest friendship with the chief powers of the world; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars. Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish its convictions. Our govern-

ment, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will, may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy. New states are forming in the wilderness; canals, intersecting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufactures prosper along our watercourses; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years. There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical; and the public treasury full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals and the convictions of an enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States than in the world beside. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country. An immense concourse of emigrants of the most various lineage is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into

harmonious union. Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring states; our constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

And yet it is but little more than two centuries, since the oldest of our states received its first permanent colony. Before that time the whole territory was an unproductive waste. Throughout its wide extent the arts had not erected a monument. Its only inhabitants were a few scattered tribes of feeble barbarians, destitute of commerce and of political connection. The axe and the ploughshare were unknown. The soil, which had been gathering fertility from the repose of centuries, was lavishing its strength in magnificent but useless vegetation. In the view of civilization, the immense domain was a solitude.

LESSON II.

FATE OF THE INDIANS.

There is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their

history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Every where, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts, which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel, that

there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.

LESSON III.

WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF CIVILIZATION.

Decidedly one of the most interesting points in the past history of the United States, is the striking illustration it has afforded of the great law of civilization, its movement from east to west. It was a direct and startling demonstration of the truth which history has long labored to indicate. The land upon which the sun of civilization first rose, we know not with certainty; but as far back as our vision can extend, we behold it shining upon the most eastern limits of the eastern hemisphere.

Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, we behold successively lighted up, as the majestic orb rolls over them; and as he advances still farther through his storied and mysterious zodiac; we behold the shadows of evening as surely stealing upon the lands which he leaves behind him. Rome falls before the adventurous and destructive Goth; and for a moment the world seems darkened; but vast causes, new materials, conflicting elements, are silently at work to produce order out of apparent chaos, through the long eclipse of the dark ages; and when light is again restored, behold the radiance which we first worshipped on the shores of the

Indian ocean, has at last reached and illumined the whole coast of the Atlantic, while the westernmost states of Europe are rejoicing in its beams. Here, it would seem, the sun's course was finished. The law which has hitherto visibly governed his career, must be reversed; the world's western limit has been reached, and either his setting is at hand, or he must roll backward through his orbit.

But it is not so. Just as we were about to doubt the universality of the law, which we believed indubitably and historically established, the world swings open upon its hinges, and reveals another world beyond the ocean, as vast and perfect as itself. America starts into existence, the long forgotten dream of the ancients is revived and realized, and the world's history is rounded into as complete a circle as its physical conformation.

We have said that the exemplification of the westward march of culture was the most striking feature in the history of America. Connected with this, however, and hardly of less importance, is the illustration which it affords us of the manner in which the civilization of the world has been successively entrusted to distinct races. Throwing out at once all disquisition concerning the great races which have regularly made their appearance and accomplished their mission in past ages, we turn our attention simply to the great race of the present time. This is, indubitably, the Anglo-Saxon race. We assume this without argument, because we believe that none of our readers will be desirous of holding us to the proof.

The Anglo-Saxon — like all great races — is of a composite origin; and its materials would almost seem to have been carefully selected with the view of producing a breed of singular energy, endurance and power. The Saxon hardihood, the Norman fire, the Teutonic phlegm, had long ago been molded, one would deem, for some great purpose, into one grand national stock; and to this race, when it had attained the fulness and perfection of its strength, was the conquest of America entrusted.

The original colonization of this country by the English, and the present system of internal colonization successfully prosecuted within the United States, from east to west, form a striking counterpart to the Gothic invasion of the Roman Empire, in the fifth century. The one was the irruption of barbarism upon an ancient civilization; the other, the triumph of civilization over an ancient barbarism. Each was, in a great degree, the work of the same race, and it would truly seem that the barbarian has begun to pay the debt which he has owed to humanity since the destruction of the Western Empire.

The civilized Goths, whose mission is now to contend with and humanize the wilderness of America, are the descendants of those Goths who for a time annihilated the ancient civilization of Europe; and the task of destruction which they so successfully accomplished, and which resulted, after all, in a great benefit to the human race, differed no less in its general nature from their present occupation, than did the instruments by which it was effected, differ from those by which the conquest of America is in the course of accomplishment.

The Roman state retained, in appearance, the same gigantic proportions which belonged to it, when it sat enthroned upon the whole civilized world. It was a vast, but a hollow shell; outwardly imposing, but inwardly rotten to the core, and with the first stroke of the sword of Alaric, it crumbled into dust. The Goth was but the embodiment of the doom which had long impended over the empire of the Cæsars. He was but the appointed actor in the last scene of that historic destiny which had ruled the state since Romulus first watched the vulture's flight from the Palatine.

For purposes, inscrutable then probably, but plain euough to every human intelligence at the present day, the civilization of Europe, after having reached and passed the highest possible point of refinement, was for the time annihilated. The Goth destroyed, but he did not rebuild. Beneath the foot-print of the barbarian's war-horse, the grass withered and never revived. It was but a type of the utter exhaustion of the soil; and after the tempest had lain waste every vestige of the extraordinary culture which had, as it were, drained and impoverished the land, it lay fallow for ages before it was again susceptible of cultivation.

The colonization of America was exactly the reverse of the picture. The race that had destroyed now came forward to civilize and humanize. The Goth of the fifth century, whose courser's hoof crushed every flower in his track, reappears in the seventeenth with his hand upon the ploughshare, and cities spring up like corn-blades in every furrow which he traces through the wilderness. His task is but just begun. He has but entered upon his sublime mission; and it is to be

expected that as many centuries as elapsed before the old world was ripened for his destroying scythe, are again to be told before he is to enjoy the perfected fruits of his present labors.

LESSON IV.

THE PILGRIMS.

How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main!
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom,—then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempests lashed,—or reels,
Half wrecked, through gulfs profound.
—Moons wax and wane,
But still that lonely traveler treads the deep,—
I see an ice-bound coast, toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turned her keel to stone,
And sealed his victory on her slippery shrouds.—
They land!—They land!—
—Forth they come
From their long prison,—hardy forms, that brave
The world's unkindness,—men of hoary hair,
And virgins of firm heart, and matrons grave.
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow.—What could lure their steps
To this drear desert?—Ask of him who left

His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the Guide who called him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as Ocean's sands.—
But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail.—
They crowd the stand,
Those few, lone pilgrims.—Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last frail link
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is severed?—Can ye tell what pangs were there,
What keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant dear ones?—
Long, with straining eyes
They watch the lessening speck.—Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms?—No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!—
Pray,—and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air.—Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,-
A loftiness,—to face a world in arms,—
To strip the pomp from sceptres,—and to lay
Upon the sacred alter the warm blood
Of slain affections, when they rise between
The soul and God.—
And can ye deem it strange
That from *their* planting such a branch should bloom
As nations envy?—Would a germ, embalmed
With prayer's pure tear-drops, strike no deeper root
Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew

Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?
Hid by its veil of waters from the hand
Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth
In giant strength.—
Its early clusters, crushed
In England's wine-press, gave the tyrant host
A draught of deadly wine.——O, ye who boast
In your free veins the blood of sires like these,
Lose not their lineaments.—Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart,—or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue,—or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth's beach,—and on that rock
Kneel in *their* foot-prints, and renew the vow
They breathed to God.

LESSON V.

ANCIENT ROME—POMPEII.

"I REPOSED my weary pilgrim-limbs at last in Rome. Rome!—once the centre of the world, through which its destiny vibrated, like the crimson gush of man's existence in the human heart! How fallen now!—how sad, how desolate, how weak, how ruined! Yet who can stand in the hallowed spot of Rome's ancient power and grandeur, but with silent awe and wonder! Rome is great and powerful still; but the pasteboard show of marshalled monks and gilded priests adds noth-

ing to her greatness, and augments not her grandeur. She is great in ruin!—great in the glorious acheivments of another age. Her power and influence among the kingdoms and principalities of the world, have long since passed away; and her sceptre has been broken.

But still, all nations must and do go there, to bend before the altar of genius, and to pay a willing homage to her treasures of art. There are the deathless tints, the immortal touches of Michael Angelo's gigantic hand; there too, are the divine and angelic impressions of Raphael; there——but why should I attempt an enumeration of a thousand names, consecrated to genius, and hallowed by antiquity, whose glorious works so richly adorn the Eternal City! They are known to all, but not by all appreciated.

I looked down from the brink of the deep crater's mouth into the black and fiery bosom of Vesuvius, where the raging flames, old as time itself, have maddened into fury and awful storms of molten anger, burying fair cities deep beneath their glowing wrath! What a scene! I turned my eyes upon the fair blue waters, so sweetly spread at the base, like the smooth surface of a burnished shield, flashing back the rays of the sun in all the glory that he sends them.

It was a lovely day in spring, when the flowers were young and bursting into blossom, diffusing their perfumes over the gay, embellished, vine-clad hills. The bay of Naples then reposed in beauty; there was no breeze to curl its surface, and the warm sun smiled gently upon it. O! how bright the prospect over its blue expanse! The city, too, was glorious in the thin

blue ethereal vapor, lightly tinging the swelling domes and lofty spires of sunny Naples.

I came down from the mountain, and entered the buried cities of the plains. Pompeii and Herculaneum! once gay cities—long buried beneath the red crackling fires of the volcano's wrath! How little do we know of those beings who once gaily trod the well-worn pavements of those silent streets! They have gone; and myriads before, too, have stepped into the awful crater of eternity! And those cities have slept beneath the black cinders of Vesuvius' fires for many centuries; and now they open their ponderous gates and sealed treasures to the world's astonished gaze!

LESSON VI.

ANCIENT ROME—POMPEII.—[Concluded.]

And lo, a voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze upon the mountains! It floats in majesty like the echo of the thunder! It breathes solemnity like a sound from the tombs! Let the nations hearken; for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii.

Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years. At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city; the stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there,—you may hear it along the thronged

quays; it rises from the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gaiety, and of joy. There togaed royalty drowns itself in dissipation,—the lion roars over the martyred Christian, and the bleeding gladiator dies at the beck of applauding spectators. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city.

There is a blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountain!—Hark! a roar, a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Wo for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean,—it boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs!

Ages roll on. Silence, darkness and desolation are in the halls of buried granduer. The forum is voiceless, and the pompous mansions are tenanted by skeletons! Lo! other generations live above the dust of long lost glory, and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

Pompeii beholds a resurrection! As summoned by the blast of the first trumpet, she hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries and once more looks forth upon the world, sullied and sombre, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts and her collonades, the sun lingers in splendor, but not as erst when the reflected lustre from her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam. There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed forever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur—they are as the water courses of the desert. There too, are her gardens, but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs.

You may stand in her amphitheatre, and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated walls.

Pompeii! moldering relict of a former world!—Strange redemption from the sepulchre! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues; for the shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners! Man walks thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in his dreams of other days. He converses with the genius of the Past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava had stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust a Trajan are in his musing, and he visits their very homes.

Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn to a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was—Thebes was—Sparta was—*thou* wast, and *art* still. No Goth or Vandal thundered at thy gates or reveled in thy spoil. Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wert scathed by the finger of Him, who alone knew the depths of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering and the ashen darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the "hiding of his power," and like thine ancient sisters of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire.

LESSON VII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

One sees in Westminster Abbey almost as much as he would have seen had he lived in England for a thousand years. If a great person has died, or a great deed been done in this island for centuries, they have brought some memento and placed it within these walls. Here we read the story of the virtues and the crimes of England's great men; here we find their monuments, their escutcheons, and their ashes.

In different ages, and from different scenes of action, England's kings have come to these solemn cloisters at last, to forget in the deep slumber of the grave the troubles, the follies, and the guilt of the life just ended. No one of them, as he went to his sepulchre, stopped to listen to the clamors that swelled behind him; to the contentions of fierce and eager aspirants to his vacant throne.

Henry Seventh's chapel is called "the wonder of the world." It stands at the east end of the Abbey, and is so neatly joined to it that it seems to be part of the main edifice. It is adorned with sixteen Gothic towers, beautifully ornamented, and jutting from the building in different angles. It is built on the plan of a cathedral, with a nave and side-aisles. The entrance to this chapel is through curiously wrought, ponderous gates of brass. The lofty ceiling is worked into an astonishing variety of designs, and you may imagine my surprise when I was told that it was all wrought

in solid stone. A celebrated French architect afterward told me that one man could not complete the work upon that ceiling in a less time than *a thousand years.*

But they are not all of royal or noble blood that rest here. Greater Englishmen than English kings have a name and a grave within these solemn chambers. Bucklers, helmets, and broadswords are spread over the tomb of the bold baron; the cross and the crosier mark the sepulchre of some pious bishop; and over this tomb are banners, streamers, and all the insignia of naval triumph, doing honor to some captain of the sea, who is here alike forgetful of the roar of the battle and the terrors of the wreck.

As you pass along those aisles whose silence is unbroken save by your own footfall, and read the quaint epitaph of heroes of olden time, insensibly will the impression steal over the imagination that it was but yesterday that all these dead were alive, and you, a stranger from the far future, have been carried back to the days of ancient chivalry to converse with walking shadows; to think of the present as though it were a prophecy, a dream, or a hope, and of the past as though it were a reality.

And yet speak to that suit of armor which seems now to threaten as it once did in battle—it returns no answer; the voice is still that once spoke through those iron jaws, and the cold moisture which gathers on its rusted face seems like tears shed over the hero who once wore it.

When the mind is full of thoughts suggested by these relics of antiquity, and the heart full of emotions;

when the images of great men who have long flitted around the fancy appear, and we see before us the very sword they once used in battle, and the very banner that once floated over them, there is no room left for other thought; we cannot contemplate modern times or our own existence. While we are lingering in a place where England has preserved all that she could of the great and the virtuous—a place of which we have read and thought from childhood, and around which so many bright recollections cluster—what marvel if hours on hours steal away ere we wake from the strong illusion.

The day had passed away as a night of rich dreams goes by, and we were unconsious how long we had been strolling around the walls, until the evening light began to stream in more and more feebly through the lofty stained windows, and a deeper gloom settled upon every part of the Abbey. And when increasing darkness had spread through all the cloisters, chapels, and passages, a more solemn and mysterious gloom, I could not but ask, what is night, deep, dark night—without moon, star, or taper—around these silent poets, barons, priests, sages, heroes, and kings!

Is never a sigh heard to come forth from these damp tombs? a shout from some sleeping warrior? Might we not hear from some part of the Abbey a faint voice as if it came from "spirit land?"

No! these dead do never waken or walk: the battle-axe has fallen from the strong hand of the Saxon and the Norman, and they rest in stillness together. Genius, which lived in sorrow and died in want, here

sleeps as proudly as royalty. All is silence; but here "silence is greater than speech."

This is the great treasure-house of England. If every record on earth besides were blotted out, and the memory of the living should fade away, the stranger could still in Westminster Abbey write the history of the past; for England's records are here: from the rude and bloody escutcheons of the ancient Briton to the ensigns of Norman chivalry, and from these to admiralty stars and civic honors. The changes which civilization has made in its progress through the world, have left their impressions upon these stones and marbles.

On the monument where each great man rests, his age has uttered its language; and among such numbers of the dead there is the language of many ages. England speaks from its barbarity, its revolutions, and its newest civilization. Each generation has laid some of its illustrious ones here, and it is no wonder that there is not a spot to which an Englishman turns his eye with so much pride as to Westminster; nor a spot which the traveler so well loves to visit.

One cannot but feel both gratitude and indignation here: gratitude for every noble effort in behalf of humanity, civilization, liberty, and truth, made by these sleepers; indignation at every base deed, every effort to quench the light of science or destroy freedom of thought; every outrage inflicted upon man; and every blow aimed against liberty by the oppressors of the race.

There is not a great author here who did not write for us; not a man of science who did not investigate truth for us; we have received advantage from every

hour of toil that ever made these good and great men weary. A wanderer from the most distant and barbarous nation on earth cannot come here without finding the graves of his benefactors. Those who love science and truth, and long for the day when perfect freedom of thought and action shall be the common heritage of man, will feel grateful, as they stand under these arches, for all the struggles, and all the trials to enlighten and emancipate the world, which the great who here rest from their labors have so nobly endured.

And, above all, the scholar, who has passed his best years in study, will here find the graves of his teachers. He has long worshiped their genius; he has gathered inspiration and truth from their writings; they have made his solitary hours, which to other men are a dreary waste, like the magical gardens of Armida, "whose enchantments arose amid solitude, and whose solitude was every where among those enchantments." The scholar may wish to shed his tears alone, but he cannot stand by the graves of his masters in Westminster Abbey without weeping: they are tears of love and gratitude.

Old structure! Round thy solid form
Have heaved the crowd, and swept the storm,
  And centuries roll'd their tide;
Yet still thou standest firmly there,
Thy gray old turrets stern and bare,
  The grave of human pride.

Erect, immovable, sublime,
As when thou soaredst in thy prime,
  On the bold Saxon's sight;
Thou holdest England's proudest dead,
From him who there first laid his head,
  "The royal anchorite."

Mysterious form, thy old gray wall
Has seen successive kingdoms fall,
  And felt the mighty beat
Of Time's deep flood, as thrones, and kings,
And crowns, and all earth's proudest things,
  It scatter'd at thy feet.

'Tis vanished! "like a morning cloud"—
The throne, the king, the shouting crowd,
  And here I stand alone;
And like the ocean's solemn roar
Upon some distant, desert shore,
  A low, perpetual moan,

I seem to hear the steady beat
Of century-waves around my feet,
  As generations vast
Are borne unto the dim-seen strand
Of that untrodden, silent land,
  That covers all the past.

Here, too, are slumbering side by side,
Like brother-warriors true and tried,
  Two stern and haughty foes:
Their stormy hearts are still—the tongue,
On which enraptured thousands hung,
  Is hush'd in long repose.

LESSON VIII.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

APPROACHING the falls from Buffalo on the Canadian shore, the first indication of our proximity to them was a hoarse rumbling, which was scarcely audible at the distance of four or five miles, but which opened on the ear, as we advanced, with increasing roar, until, at the distance of two miles, it became loud as the voice of many waters.

A column of mist in the mean time ascending, as smoke from a pit, marked more definitely than sound could do, the exact position of this scene of wonders. The sublime arising from obscurity, was now experienced in all its power; it did not appear what we should see, but imagination seized the moment to elevate and fill the mind with expectation and majestic dread.

Within a mile of the falls the river rolls smoothly along in rapid silence, as if unconscious of its approaching destiny, till at once, across its entire channel, it falls the apparent distance of ten or twelve feet, when instantly its waters are thrown into consternation and foam, and they boil, and whirl, and run in every direction, as if filled with instinctive dread. At this place the shores recede, and allow the terrified waters to spread out in shallows over an extent twice as broad as the natural channel of the river.

A portion of the waters, as if hoping to escape, rushes between the American shore and the island, (whose brow forms a part of the continued cliff, which

on either side constitutes the falls,) and too late to retreat, discovering the mistake, hurries down the precipice, and is dashed on the rocks below. This is the highest part of the fall, and the most nearly approaching to the beautiful; the waters being shallow, and the sheet entirely white below.

Another large sheet of contiguous waters on the other side of the island, undecoyed by appearances, and apparently desperate by an infallible premonition, attempts no evasion, but, with tumult and roar, rushes on, and thunders down the precipice which stretches about half across to the Canadian shore.

The rest and largest portion of the river, as if terrified at the fate of its kindred waters, retires a little; but scarcely is the movement made, before the deep declivities of the river's bed summon the dispersion of waters into one deep, dark flood, which rolls its majestic tide upon the destruction below.

The shallow waters which as yet have escaped, cling terrified to the Canadian shore, reconnoitering every nook and corner, in quest of some way to escape; but their search is fruitless, and they come round at length reluctantly, and are dashed down upon the death they had so long struggled to escape.

It is at the junction of these two sides of the cataract, nearly in the form of two sides of a triangle, rounded at the point, that the most powerful sheet of water falls. The depth of the water in the channel above, and as it bends over the precipice, cannot, from the nature of the case, be ascertained; I should judge from the appearance, that it might be from fifteen to twenty feet.

The color of the part of the stream above the fall is black. As it bends over the cliff and descends, at the intersection of the two sides, and for several rods on either hand, it becomes a deep and beautiful green, which continues till the column is lost in the cloud of mist that ascends before it.

With respect to the impression made by the first view of the falls, it may be observed that whoever approaches them anticipating amazement at the descent of the waters from a giddy height, will be disappointed. It is the multitude of the waters, and their power, as they roll, and foam, and thunder, which arrests the step, suspends the breath, dilates the eye, lifts the hand, and fills the soul with wonder.

It seems to be the good pleasure of God, that men shall learn his omnipotence by evidence addressed to the senses as well as to the understanding, and that there shall be on earth continual illustrations of his mighty power. Of creation we are ascertained by faith, not by sight; the heavenly bodies, though vast, are distant, and roll silently in their courses. But the earth by its quakings, the volcano by its fires, the ocean by its mountain waves, and the floods of Niagara by their matchless power and ceaseless thunderings, proclaim to the eye, and to the ear, and to the heart, the omnipotence of God.

From their far distant sources and multitudinous dispersions, He called them into the capacious reservoirs of the north, and bid them hasten their accumulating tide to this scene of wonders; and for ages the obedient waters have rolled and thundered his praise. It is, as has been stated, where the two lines of the

precipice meet, that the deepest and most powerful sheet of water falls; but it is here, also, just where the hand of omnipotence is performing its greatest wonders, that the consummation of the work is hid.

What the phenomena are, where this stupendous torrent strikes at the foot of the falls, no mortal eye hath seen: a mist, rising to nearly half the height of the fall, is the veil beneath which the Almighty performs his wonders alone, and there is the hiding of his power. This is the spot upon which the eye wishfully fixes, and tries in vain to penetrate; over which imagination hovers, but cannot catch even a glimpse to sketch with her pencil. This deep recess is the most sublime and awful scene upon which my eye was ever fixed. There, amid thunderings, and in solitude and darkness, from age to age, Jehovah has proclaimed, I am the ALMIGHTY GOD.

LESSON IX.

RURAL LIFE.

THE taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivaled. They have studied Nature intently, and discovered an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms which, in other countries, she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to

have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters: while some rustic temple, or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to

a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water—all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country, has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly, providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside:—all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

In rural occupation, there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of

rank, and to enter into the honest, heart-felt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of the hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society, may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of Nature, that abound in the British poets—that have continued down from "the Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and reveled with her — they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations, has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sub-

lime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery, is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence.

The old church, of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its gothic tower; its windows, rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation—its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil—its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green, sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene—all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, a hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

LESSON X.

TO A STAR.

Thou bright glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven!
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in virtue's shrine!
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights;
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!

LESSON XI.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

In Washington seemed combined all the elements to constitute a man in the highest meaning of the term. His form was of the finest specimens of manly beauty, and his carriage full of grace and dignity. His constitution, both physical and mental, of the happiest mold. In power of mind he stood at the head of the human intellect. His perception of truth, in the vast and various concerns with which his life was charged, seemed to indicate the intuition of a superior being; the unrivaled accuracy of his judgment was demonstrated in the extraordinary success of his wide and eventful range of action. His brightness was not indeed the glare of the meteor, but the steady light of the sun: it was not the brilliancy of a single act, but the finished series of his life: the combined results of all his action.

Hence the firmness of his resolution and the courage of his temper. Hence he shrunk not in the field of battle or the moral conflict; and conscious of the right, never trembled for the issue. Unlike the desperate few, who have achieved a bad eminence by indiscriminate means, he sought no results which virtue did not sanction: used no appliances which honesty did not advise. His character is unique, and stands alone on an eminence, unapproached—I had almost said, inaccessible. Its union of goodness and greatness, of moral beauty and intellectual strength, adorned

by services of inappreciable value to the human race, furnishes an instance of the sublime in morals, such as no human example has presented. It has changed the general idea of greatness, and shewn that the most enviable talent must find assistance in the aids of virtue.

He was fortunate beyond all the past, in the position which he held in the affairs of the world. The presiding genius at the birth of the first free nation—the daring leader of the first successful struggle for the principles of freedom—the idol of a young nation, yet to increase as the sands of the sea-shore—the grand agitator of the change, yet to come over all the governments of the earth, his fame will increase with ages and the multiplication of his race.

He stood at the head of a new country—at the beginning of a new civil polity—at the source and fountain of that stream of liberty which was yet to overflow the earth, and like the deluge of old, to swallow up every vestige of the wrongs which had passed. In the whole range of time, in the wide variety of human affairs, there has been no era so felicitous for his existence as that in which he was born and lived; at no other point, could equal virtue have met with equal success—no other career could have secured the like train and splendor of consequences.

In his life, fortunate and happy above all other example– without a spot or blemish to mar his private fame, he was covered with glory in his public career; through all the round of action,—through all the change and casualty of life, he stood a model and exemplar to the human race. In the purity of his motives, in the nobleness of his designs, and in the extent

and success of his course, he stands without a rival or an equal.

Without having been bred to the science of war, he assumed the command of our armies, and for seven long years, with every disparity of means, baffled the skill and paralyzed the genius of the most celebrated soldiers. Without experience, he fought like a veteran; nearly without means, he still found resources; and sometimes, almost without an army, he held the enemy at bay by the vigor of his enterprises. This struggle for the mastery was long held in doubt, but the star of his fortune at length prevailed against the ostent of the times. He conquered, not for fame, but for freedom; not for ambition, but for his country. How well and how greatly, let the present condition of the happy valleys and sunny mountains of freedom make answer.

But not even yet had he filled the full measure of his fame. In the pride of victory, in the flush of success, with a devoted soldiery, accustomed to execute his wishes, instead of stooping to the mean ambition of a tyrant, in ruining his country to elevate himself, he plucked the warrior's plume from his brow, and cast it with his sword at the feet of his country. Oh! how mean and little are the names of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, when seen in the light of such a deed as this!

He retired to private life, unambitious of further distinction, and well pleased to escape the din and turmoil of his former days. In the seclusion of his retreat he cultivated the quiet arts of peace, without a regret for the past or a sigh for the future. But

fame found him here. The privacy of his condition did not obscure its glory, and again his country called him to her aid. The freedom we had won by valor must be preserved by wisdom. Though national independence was secured by the revolution, our political organization was imperfect.

We had the materials of freedom, but not its system—the power of self-government, without being well aware of the best means of using it. We had achieved the privilege of self-government, but history furnished no precedent to aid in its exercise. And we stood a people, free indeed, but wanting the ascertained means of self-preservation. The sages and soldiers of the revolution, with the illustrious Washington at their head, again came forward to meet the high exigency; they were successful. In a council combining more experience, more patriotism and more intellectual power than the history of ages could show, they devised a system of government, unique in its character and original in its design, which has answered the high behests of freedom, and stands a beacon light to all the nations of the earth. A numerous people now repose in peace and happiness beneath its power, encouraging by precept and example the diffusion of the benign principles of liberty.

Washington, without his own desire, was placed at the head of the new organization, by the voluntary suffrage of the people, and again became charged with the political destiny of his country. He assumed the responsibilities of his new and unprecedented station, and placed himself by the vigor and wisdom of his policy, upon the most enviable heights of political re-

nown. If his success as a military chieftain had won the admiration of the world, his wisdom as a statesman secured its highest applause. Having given an impulse and direction to the untried institutions of his country, which will influence their destiny through all coming time, he voluntarily left the lofty station he had filled, and closed his career amidst the peace and happiness of that country he had assisted to elevate and redeem.

The fabric of his character was then completed—then was the model, designed by Heaven for the imitation of mankind, brought to its final perfection. Then was the complete idea of freedom exemplified and explained. The mission for which he was sent, was accomplished—and the wide earth may now rejoice in the eventual fulfilment of those purposes of liberty to which his life was consecrated.

LESSON XII.

NATURAL BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning toward the close of Spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred on by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streaks of purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought

myself and my companion to the great Natural Bridge.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for this visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country, Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together, by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly eighty feet, its width about thirty-five, its thickness forty-five, and its perpendicular height above the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveler may hold himself as he looks over.

On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of the bridge, as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above.

This stream is called Cedar Creek. He sees under the arch, trees whose height is seventy feet; and yet,

as he looks down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights and of depths, but they here *see* what is high, and they tremble, and *feel* it to be deep.

The awful rocks present their everlasting butments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but an *Almighty* God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is as pleasing as the top view is awful—the arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have engraven them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft limestone, began to cut places for his hands and feet.

With much patience and industry he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief.

They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plies the rock with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerts every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him.

His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still farther to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends, and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it.

He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted on reaching the top, and it was some time before he could be recovered!

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

LESSON XIII.

WESTERN EMIGRATION.

With all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride,
Where all that Beauty's hand can form to please
Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.
The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
The gentle lapse of ever-murmuring rills,
The soft repose amid the noontide bowers,
The evening walk among the blushing flowers,
The fragrant groves, that yield a sweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom
Await you there; and heaven shall bless the toil:
Your own the produce, and your own the soil.
There cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
With gilded domes and every art of peace.
There Cultivation shall extend his power,
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flower;
Make the fair villa in full splendors smile,
And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
There shall rich Commerce court the favoring gales,
And wondering wilds admire the passing sails,
Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
Where wild Ontario rolls the whitening wave,
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
And Mississippi laves the extended shores.

And thou Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball,
Before whose nod the nations rise and fall,
Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms
On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms;
Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,
The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

LESSON XIV.

WIER'S CAVE IN VIRGINIA.

This cavern derives its name from *Barnet Wier*, who discovered it in the year 1804. It is situated near Madison's Cave, so celebrated, though the latter cannot be compared with the former.

There were three of us, besides our guide, with lighted torches, and our loins girded, now ready to descend into the cave. We took our torches in our left hands and entered. The mouth was so small that we could descend only by creeping, one after another. A descent of almost twenty yards brought us into the first room.

The cave was exceedingly cold, dark, and silent, like the chambers of death. In this manner we proceeded, now descending thirty or forty feet — now ascending as high — now creeping on our hands and knees, and now walking in large rooms — the habitations of solitude. The mountain seems to be composed almost wholly of limestone, and by this means the cave is lined throughout with the most beautiful in-

crustations and stalactites of carbonated lime, which are formed by the continual dripping of the water through the roof.

These stalactites are of various and elegant shapes and colors, often bearing a striking resemblance to animated nature. At one place we saw over our heads, what appeared to be a *waterfall*, of the most beautiful kind. Nor could the imagination be easily persuaded that it was not a reality; you could see the water boiling and dashing down, see its white spray and foam — but it was all solid limestone.

Thus we passed onward in this world of solitude — now stopping to admire the beauties of a single stalactite — now wondering at the magnificence of a large room — now creeping through narrow passages, hardly wide enough to admit the body of a man, and now walking in superb gallaries, until we came to the largest room called WASHINGTON HALL. This is certainly the most elegant room I ever saw. It is about two hundred and seventy-five feet in length, about thirty-five in width, and between thirty and forty feet high.

The roof and sides are very beautifully adorned by the tinsels which Nature has bestowed in the greatest profusion, and which sparkle like the diamond, while surveyed by the light of torches. The floor is flat, and smooth, and solid.

I was foremost of our little party in entering this room, and was not a little startled as I approached the centre, to see a figure, as it were, rising up before me out of the solid rock. It was not far from seven feet high, and corresponded in every respect to the common

idea of a ghost. It was very white, and resembled a tall man clothed in a shroud. I went up to it sideways, though I could not really expect to meet a ghost in a place like this. On examination, I found it was a very beautiful piece of the carbonate of lime, very transparent, and very much in the shape of a man. This is called Washington's Statue.

In one room we found an excellent spring of water, which boiled up as if to slake our thirst, then sunk into the mountain, and was seen no more. In another room was a noble pillar, called the Tower of Babel. It is composed entirely of the stalactites of lime, or, as the appearance would seem to suggest, of petrified water. It is about thirty feet in diameter, and a little more than ninety feet in circumference, and not far from thirty feet high. There are probably millions of stalactites in this one pillar.

Thus we wandered on in this world within a world, till we had visited twelve very beautiful rooms, and as many creeping places, and had now arrived at the end —a distance from our entrance of between twenty-four and twenty-five hundred feet; or, what is about its equal, half a mile from the mouth. We here found ourselves exceedingly fatigued; but our torches forbade us to tarry, and we once more turned our lingering steps towards the common world.

When we arrived again at Washington Hall, one of our company three times discharged a pistol, whose report was truly deafening; and as the sound reverberated and echoed through one room after another till it died away in distance, it seemed like the moanings of spirits. We continued our wandering steps till we

arrived once more at daylight, having been nearly three hours in the cavern.

To compare the Natural Bridge and Cave together as objects of curiosity, is exceedingly difficult. In looking at the Bridge we are filled with awe; at the cavern with delight. At the Bridge we have several views that are awful; at the Cave hundreds that are pleasing. At the Bridge you stand, and gaze in astonishment; at the Cave awfulness is lost in beauty, and grandeur is dressed in a thousand captivating forms. At the Bridge you feel yourself to be *looking* into another world; at the Cave you find yourself already *arrived* there. The one presents to us a God who is very "wonderful in working;" the other exhibits the same power, but with it is blended loveliness in a thousand forms. In each is vastness. Greatness constitutes the whole of one; but the other is elegant, as well as great.

LESSON XV.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping—though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide and strengthen the pas-

sages of its great anthem, and it is still melody—melody.

The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear, as if their sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered base shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn.

There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky;—and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of the winds and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the dying, (which, just before death, becomes always exquisitely acute,) the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his sufferings, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from close the shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams.

I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other. The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars, (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned,) were wanting to complete the harmony.

We know how wonderful are the phenomena of color; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily listen to are but a part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of God's illimitable spheres.

It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the day-time of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature—the deep hush is so very solemn.

By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the *peculiar holiness* of the hour declines—but what a

world of music does the sun shine on!—the deep lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language! And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded how all these sounds grow softer and sweeter, as the exhalations of dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air.

You should go out some morning in June, and listen to the notes of the birds. They express, far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle, to the low brooding of the dove, they are all modified by their habits of support, and their consequent dispositions. With the small birds, the voice seems to be but an outpouring of gladness; and it is pleasant to see that without one articulate word it is so sweet a gift to them. It seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and I believe in my heart that a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fullness.

But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its merest breath, will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings; and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper; and as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a *deep tone comes* sullenly out like the echo of a far-off

bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power; and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the sounds of irrational and inanimate nature. A better than these, and the best music under heaven, is the music of the human voice. I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in it as in beauty. The tones of affection in all children are sweet, and we know not how much their unpleasantness in after life may be the effect of sin and coarseness, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that even on the coarse minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ.

I have been much about in the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled for a time in every walk of life; yet never have I known man or woman under the influence of any strong feeling that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect instrument as it comes from the hand of its Maker, and though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being restrung to its compass till its frame is shattered.

There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than any where else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of nature's breathless Sabbath.

I know few things more imposing than to walk the streets of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom that the fear of God is brooding like a great shadow over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

Far more beautiful, and perhaps quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit; and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for *his goodness*.

The effect of nature alone is purifying, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

LESSON XVI.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er—how dense and bright
  Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
  Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
  The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
  As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
  A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind blows cool; the scented ground
  Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich cloud's voluptuous pile,
  Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below a while,
  Then turn and bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene
  Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
  With trembling drops of light is hung.

Hear the rich music of that voice
  Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
  And round them throws her arms of love.

LESSON XVII.

LIFE IN SWEDEN

LIFE in Sweden is for the most part patriarchal. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy.

On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened for you by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, God bless you. The houses in the villages and smaller cities are

all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red.

The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons wherewith to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco. You meet, also, groups of peasant women, traveling homeward, or city-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a great rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the church-yard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, thus repre-

senting an index of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey.

Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchisedeck, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words.

I must not forget the sudden changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one;—no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when

winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver.

With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed!

And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! In every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths

and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noiseless weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness!

How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, four times, to the four corners of the heavens:

Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

LESSON XVIII.

THE SEA.

"THE sea is his, and He made it." Its beauty is of God. It possesses it, in richness, of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty.

The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivaling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above.

It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those

which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea.

If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far higher than the sea eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain and foam and fire all mingling together; and here next to this scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and while the brisk breezes flew over them, clapping their hands for very gladness.

Here, again, on this self-same ocean, we should behold large tracts where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and, were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests, motionless. Here we should see a cluster of green islands, set like jewels, in the midst of its bosom; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows, and threatening the mariner.

"There go the ships," the white robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one, some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swinging lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps overwhelmed by the storm; some for traffic, and

some for state, and some in peace, and others, alas! in war.

Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odors which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with Winter in his everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe, where ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all-daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread.

Nor are the ships of man the only travelers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea birds are passing and repassing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wings and undeviating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks which they make alive and vocal by their numbers and their clanging cries.

How various, how animated, how full of interest is the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one; for I have spoken but of a few particulars, and of those but slightly.

I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the [illegible], of the arches and grottos, of the cities and the solitudes, which occur in the beautiful irregularity of its outline;

nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea, notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

"The sea is his, and He made it." And when He made it, He ordained that it should be the element and dwelling place of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How populous and wealthy and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance, and furnish abundant sustenance to man. The whale roams through the deep like its lord; but he is forced to surrender his vast bulk to the use of man.

The lesser tribes of the finny race have each their peculiar habits and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man, and turned to their own purposes. The line and the hook and the net are dropped and spread to delude them, and bring them up from the watery chambers where they were roving in conscious security. How strange is it that the warm food which comes upon our tables, and substances which furnish our streets and dwellings with cheerful light, should be drawn up from the cold and dark recesses of the sea.

We shall behold new wonders and riches when we investigate the sea shore. We shall find both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shellfish, which adhere in myriads to the rocks, or form their close dark burrows in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect rears up with patient

industry from the bottom of the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests, whose branches never wave, and whose leaves never fall.

In other parts we shall see those "pale glistening pearls" which adorn the crowns of princes, and are woven in the hair of beauty, extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers and thickets of plants, which the dew does not nourish, and which man has not sown, nor cultivated, nor reaped; but which seem to belong to the floods alone, and the denizens of the floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the dead spoils of the fields of ocean may fertilize and enrich the fields of earth. They have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, e[illegible] that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a mortal poison, the plants of the land.

We must not omit to consider the utility of the sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and sustenance to an infinite variety and number of inhabitants, and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the whole globe of the world. It cools the air for us in summer, and warms it in winter. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the particles which it takes up from the ocean; but, however this may be, there i[illegible]le or no doubt, that were it not for the immens[illegible] of waters with which the atmosphere comes in contact, it

would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on the earth.

Then, again, it affords an easier, and, on the whole, perhaps a safer medium of communication and conveyance between nation and nation, than can be found, for equal distances, on the land. It is also an effectual barrier between nations, preserving to a great degree the weak from invasion and the virtuous from contamination. In many other respects it is no doubt useful to the great whole, though in how many we are not qualified to judge. What we do see is abundant testimony of the wisdom and goodness of Him who in the beginning "gathered the waters together unto one place."

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall [illegible], how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnates its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them?

What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest

bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been ingulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And oh! yet more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb?

Where are the bones, the relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, the sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewed in that unwonted cemetery.

But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but He to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; He who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken,

and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be "no more sea."

LESSON XIX.

SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung.

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:
Lo, yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods
lean.

"And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent.
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim."

LESSON XX.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

St. Peter's is the largest, and far the most expensive structure in the world. The area of its noble piazza is eleven thousand and fifty-five feet long; its front is one hundred and sixty feet high, and three hundred and ninety-six feet wide; it is six hundred and seventy three feet long, and four hundred and

forty-four feet at the transept, or widest part; that is to say, it covers about seven acres. With these general ideas of the building, let us enter it.

We immediately observe, on the right and left of the door, statues, apparently of children—cherubs—that sustain marble vases of holy water. We approach them, and find that they are giants, more than six feet high. We see at a little distance, on the pilasters and just above the pedestal, sculptured doves—and they appear to the eye of no very extraordinary size, and we think that we can easily lay our hand on them.

We approach, and find that we can scarcely reach to touch them, and they are eighteen inches or two feet long. We advance along the mighty central nave, and we see, nearly at the termination of it and beneath the dome, the high altar, surmounted by a canopy, raised on four twisted pillars of bronze. The pillars and canopy seem to be of very suitable elevation for the place, and yet we soon learn that they are ninety feet high.

I have before spoken of the size of the dome with its walls twenty-three feet thick, its own height one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and itself raised two hundred and seventy-seven feet above the floor of the church. The dome is sustained by four square pillars, two hundred and twenty-three feet in circumference. That is to say, each one of these pillars, or masses of masonry, is nearly sixty feet on each side, and therefore as large as one of our common-sized churches, if it were raised up and set on the end.

There is a small church and an adjoining house on the *Strada Felice* in Rome, designedly built so as to be

together equal to the size of one of these columns. And yet these columns do not seem to be in the way at all; they do not seem to occupy any disproportionate space; they do not encumber the mighty pavement!

With regard to the objects within St. Peter's, I can notice only two or three that struck me most. One of them is the monument to the last of the Stuarts, Charles Edward, and his brother Henry, the cardinal. There are two angels of death before which I have spent hours. So exquisitely moulded are their forms, so delicate, thoughtful, beautiful are their faces, so sad, too, as they are about to extinguish the torch of life—as they stand leaning their cheeks upon the reverse end of the long, slender stem—so sad, indeed, but then that sadness so relieved by beauty—intellectual, contemplative, winning beauty—it seems to my fancy, at times, as if they would certianly appear to me at my own death; as if they would flit before the imagination, and reconcile the soul to a departure effected by a ministry so beautiful. Ah! blessed angels! I may one day strech out my hands to you, and ask your aid—but not yet—not yet. But sickness, sorrow, deprivation, calamity in some shape, may make you welcome, before one thinks to be ready.

Among the mosaic copies of paintings in which St. Peter's is so rich, there is one of the Incredulity of Thomas, which has always made one of my stopping-places, in taking the customary circuit. The eagerness of Thomas, the calm dignity of Jesus, are fine; but the face of John, as he stands just behind Thomas, and looks upon his rash act, is one to remember always. It seems to me the very personification of forbearance.

He submits calmly that Thomas should do it—should satisfy himself—but yet he is exceedingly sorrowful.

There is no surprise in his countenance; he knows human frailty; he is not astonished at unbelief or hardness of heart; but it seems, at the same time, as if his own heart were broken at the spectacle. There is not the slightest rebuke in his beautiful countenance; but such a union of indulgence and sorrow, as one might well pray for, at that altar—to be awakened in *his* mind when he stands by the evil and erring.

A *Walk in St. Peter's* is something by itself—a thing not to be had, nor any thing like it, anywhere else in the world. The immensity of the place; its immense, unequaled magnificence; the charming temperature of the air, preserved the same the year round, by the vastness of the mass of masonry; the incense-breathing walls—for there is literally an odor of sanctity always here, from the daily burning of incense; the rich, beautiful, variegated marble columns; the altars, the tombs on every side, the statues, the paintings, the fine medallions in marble, of the heads of saints and fathers of the church, which are set into the sides of the columns in great numbers; then the arches on arches that present themselves to the view in every direction; and, if the walk be towards evening—the music of the vesper hymn, now swelling in full chorus upon the ear, and then dying away, as the music changes, or the walk leads you near the chapel whence it proceeds, or farther from it; all this, with the gathering shadows of approaching evening—the shadows slowly gathering in arch and dome—makes a walk in St. Peter's like nothing else!

Among the most beautiful things in Rome are its fountains, and among the most striking things are its obelisks.

The fountains in front of St. Peter's especially, are really glorious. They rise thirty or forty feet into the air, and come down in a shower. The quantity of water thrown up is so great, and the streams, as they spring out from the basin, are made so to diverge, that they present the appearance of two trees, one on each side of the piazza. The fountains are partly resolved into drops and mist, and a rainbow may always be seen in the direction opposite the sun. Every time one sees them, they seem a new mystery and beauty; and when the sky is so fair, so glorious a thing, that you feel almost (as you do some days) as if you could kneel down and worship it, they appear like a cloud of incense — pure, bright, resplendent — offered up to that supernal splendor and purity.

As to these Egyptian obelisks, of polished granite, pointing up to the sky from almost every square and open space in Rome, and with that handwriting of mysterious and yet unexplained characters upon their sides—what could be more striking? The antiquities of Rome are *young*, by their side. Some of them were built by Sesostris, by Rameses, between three and four thousand years ago. They saw ages of empire and glory before Rome had a being.

They are also in the most perfect preservation. So beautifully polished, and entirely free from stain, untouched by the storms of thirty-five centuries, it seems as if they had not lost one of their particles, since they came from the quarries of Egypt. That very

surface, we know, has been gazed upon by the eyes of a hundred successive generations. Speak, dread monitors! as ye point upward to Heaven—speak, dark hieroglyphic symbols! and tell us—are ye not yet *conscious*, when conscious life has been flowing around you for three thousand years? Methinks it were enough to penetrate the bosom of granite with emotion, to have witnessed what ye have witnessed. Methinks that the stern and inexorable mystery, graven upon your mighty shafts, must break silence, to tell that which it hath known of weal and wo, of change, disaster, blood, and crime!

LESSON XXI.

CULTIVATION OF TASTE FOR BEAUTY.

In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty.

Beauty is an all pervading presence. It unfolds in

the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn, that neither man, woman nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression!

I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say; the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself; but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cypher, without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the

very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance.

The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect, or brogue, or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language.

LESSON XXII.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight,
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings.

At noon, she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip;
That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream:—
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The Spirit of Beauty is every where!

LESSON XXIII.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

In the spring of 1824, I contracted an acquaintance in one of the cities of the south, with a gentleman who had removed from England to this country with two small children, the one a boy of ten years, the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most lovely beings I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their fre-

quent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy.

They were happy in themselves, happy in each other, and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were imbittered by the thoughts of leaving his motherless children behind him; and as I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their friends and relations.

My departure was delayed two weeks. During that period, I lived under the same roof with the little ones that had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were pensive, and made frequent inquiries for their absent father; but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dews upon the eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment the proud bird springs upwards into the air to woo the beautiful flashes of the morning.

The day of our departure at last arrived, and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and as the great sun, like the image of his Creator, sunk down in the west, successive shadows of gold, and crimson, and purple came floating over the waves, like barks from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on those scenes steadily and silently, and when the last tints of the dim shore were melting into shadow, they took

each other's hand, and a few natural tears gushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returned again to look out upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly apart, I felt my hand gently pressed, and on turning around, saw that the girl had stolen alone to my side. In a few moments, the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violet cloud. At first, it gleamed faintly and at intervals, but anon it came brightly out, and shone like a holy thing upon the brow of the evening.

The girl at my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was at her heart. She inquired with simplicity and eagerness, whether, in the fair land to which we were going, that same bright star would be visible; and seemed to regard it as another friend, that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was unattended by any important incident. The sea was, at times, wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the horizon. On the eighth day the boy arose pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate by the physician of the vessel.

I can never forget the look of agony, the look of utter wo, that appeared upon the face of the little girl, when the conviction of her brother's danger came slowly home upon her thoughts. She wept not; she

complained not; but hour after hour she sat by the bed of the young sufferer—an image of grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated. He could not return the long and burning caresses of his sister; and at last a faint heaving of his breast, and the eloquence of his half closed eye, and a flush, at intervals, upon his wasted cheek, like the first violet tint of a morning cloud, were all that told he had not yet passed "the dark day of nothingness."

The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own fevered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood red setting, were still visible upon the western waters. Slowly, but brilliantly, the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crests of the waves were lighted up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild sweet tones came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us, like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress grove.

But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea—I pointed to her the star on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh—and I returned with her to the bed-side of her brother. I perceived instantly that he was dying. There was no visible struggle—but the film was creeping over his eye, and the hectic flush of

his cheek was fast deepening into purple. I know not whether, at first, his sister perceived the change in his appearance; she took her seat at his side, pressed his pale lips to her own, and then, as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance.

Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress, and looked up to my face as if to implore encouragement. I knew that her hopes were but a mockery. A moment more, and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy — a slight shudder ran through his frame — and all was still. The girl knew, as if intuitively, that her brother was dead. She sat in tearless silence — but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead, wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

On the next day the corpse of the dead boy was committed to the waves. The little girl knew that it must be so, but she strove to drive the thought away, as if it had been an unreal and terrible vision. When the appointed hour was at hand, she came and begged me, with a tone that seemed less like a human voice than the low cadence of a disembodied and melancholy spirit, to go and look upon her brother and see if he was indeed dead.

I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze upon the sleeping dust, to which all the tendrils of her life seemed bound. She paused by the bed-side, and I almost deemed that her very existence would pass off in that long, fixed gaze. She moved

not—she spoke not—till the form she loved was taken away to be let down into the ocean. Then indeed she arose, and followed her lifeless brother, with a calmness that might have been from heaven. The body sunk slowly and solemnly beneath the waves; a few long, bright-ringlets streamed out upon the waters, a single white and beautiful glimpse came up through the glancing billows, and all that had once been joy and beauty, vanished forever.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away, and beautiful as a cloud in a summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down into the sea, and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness.

Soon afterward I left her with her friends. I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long since gone to be nurtured in a holier realm.—But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence, and her deep and holy feelings, still come back to me in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow, or a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off forever.

LESSON XXIV.

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE promotes clearness and vigor of intellect. If the functions of the brain be not in a healthy and vigorous state, equally unhealthy and inefficient must be those of the mind. History will bear us out in asserting, that the highest and most successful intellectual efforts have ever been associated with the practice of those general principles of temperance in diet for which we plead. It is the mighty minds that have grappled most successfully with the demonstrations of mathematical, intellectual, and moral science, that stand highest on the scale of mental acumen and power; and it is such minds that have found strict temperance in diet essential to their success. Let us advert to the history of a few of the master spirits of the human race.

Foremost on the list stands Sir Isaac Newton. The treatise of his, that cost him the mightiest intellectual effort of all his works, was composed while the body was sustained by bread and water alone. And in spite of the wear and tear of such protracted and prodigious mental labor as his, that same temperance sustained him to his eighty-fifth year.

The celebrated John Locke, with a feeble constitution, outlived the term of threescore years and ten by his temperance. "To this temperate mode of life, too, he was probably indebted for the increase of those intellectual powers, which gave birth to his incompa-

rable work on the human understanding, his treatises on government and education, as well as his other writings, which do so much honor to his memory."

Another intellectual philosopher, who saw fourscore years, was the venerable Kant. "By this commendable and healthy practice,"—early rising,—says his biographer, "daily exercise on foot, temperance in eating and drinking, constant employment, and cheerful company, he protracted his life to this advanced period;" and we may add, acquired the power for his immense labors of mind.

Few men have more fully established their claims to intellectual superiority of a very high grade, than President Edwards. But it was temperance alone that could carry him through such powerful mental efforts. "Though constitutionally tender, by the rules of temperance, he enjoyed good health, and was enabled to pursue his studies thirteen hours a day."

The same means enabled Martin Luther, though his days were stormy in the extreme, to make the moral world bend at his will, and to leave for his posterity so many profound literary productions. "It often happened," says his biographer, "that, for several days and nights, he locked himself up in his study, and took no other nourishment than bread and water, that he might the more uninterruptedly pursue his labors."

The records of English jurisprudence contain scarcely a name more distinguished than that of Sir Matthew Hale. And it is the testimony of history, that "his decided piety and rigid temperance laid him open to the attacks of ridicule; but he could not be moved." In eating and drinking, he observed not only great

plainness and moderation, but lived so philosophically, that he always ended his meal with an appetite.

Perhaps no man accomplishes more for the world than he who writes such a commentary on the Scriptures as that of Matthew Henry. And it is, indeed, an immense literary labor. But the biographer's account of that writer's habits, shows that temperance and diligence were the secret of his success.

Few men have accomplished more than John Wesley. And it is gratifying to learn that it was "extraordinary temperance which gave him the power to do so much, and to live so long."

In reading the works of Milton, we are not so much delighted with the play of imagination, as with the rich and profound, though sometimes exceedingly anomalous views, which he opens before us. The fact is, he was a man of powers and attainments so great as justly to be classed among the leading intellects of his generation. Nor were such powers and attainments disjoined from temperance.

Europe, as well as America, has been filled with the fame of Franklin; and no less wide spread is the history of his temperance. Early in life he adopted a vegetable diet; and thus he not only gained time for study, but "I made the greater progress," says he, "from that greater clearness of head and quickness of apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking." The habit of being contented with a little, and disregarding the gratifications of the palate, remained with him through life, and was highly useful.

LESSON XXV.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

THERE is no such scenery on earth, I verily believe, as ours. There is but one Niagara in its broad circumference. And then its glorious rivers, from the tumbling cataracts of high Northern latitudes, to the calm and beautiful Alabama—the majestic Mississippi—the golden waters of Missouri—the placid, soft Ohio. And then, too, its lakes—the vast inland seas, where fleets can ride—its forests, alive with songsters of almost every note, and every feather, of trees of every cast and hue, and, if seen in the frosts of Autumn, beyond the power of pencil to paint, mocking the skill of man—rivaling the rich sunset on the bosom of the western clouds, and making a very paradise of earth! And then its boundless prairies—its savannahs—its vast havens, on which beat the waves of the ocean with their sullen roar, and its still solitudes, where man feels as if he really were alone with the Indian—the wild, unapproached, and almost unapproachable Indian, in his savage dignity, painted and decked for war, fiery red, with his armor on "snorting for battle,"—and then again its noisy cities, where men crowd, and rush, as if the spot of earth on which they were was their only spot—cities now vieing in business with the older cities of Europe, but yet in the gristle—in their swaddling clothes, as it were—by and by to become the Londons of the Western World! What a variety of view is this! How

rich in speculation, in thought! How admirably calculated to warm the imagination, and to give feeling and imagery!

Talk not then of Europe as the only land worth a journey over. Its past we may reverence and admire. There is sublimity in it. But the future of our country—who dare set its metes and bounds? Who will trace it out? Sublime, is but a feeble word for the destiny that awaits it!

What nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government; so complicated, so full of checks and balances, over such a vast extent of territory—with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously! I go within the walls of the capitol at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes, I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-six nations—nations in many senses, they may be called—that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe; all speaking one language, all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm—the love and glory of our common country—even though parties do exist, and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise.

I take my map, and I mark from whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude, too, in the fairest portion of North America! What a variety of climate, and what a variety of production! What a stretch of sea coast, on two oceans, with harbors enough for all the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, surveyed and unsurveyed,

of extinguished and unextinguished Indian titles, within the States and Territories, and without, estimated, in the aggregate, to be more than one billion acres, and to be worth the immense sum of more than one billion dollars—seven hundred and fifty million acres of which are without the bounds of the States and Territories, and are yet to make new States, and to be admitted into the Union!

Our annual revenue, now, from the sales, is over three millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is nearly or quite extinguished—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the War of Independence; again not ingloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land, and now we have a population of over seventeen millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail.

It is difficult to be very prosaic in describing such a country as ours. Think, if a prophet, but thirty years ago, had predicted only the half that has happened, lucky would he have been to escape the asylum for lunatics. Jefferson mourned over a journey from Monticello to Philadelphia, as a fearful undertaking. Mount Vernon and Bunker-Hill were as far apart, in the days of Washington, as the jumping-off rock in Eastport, (Maine,) and Augusta, (Georgia,) now are. The Mississippi boatman, who was thirty or forty days in going over a distance he now goes in six, can now hardly believe that he *is* the man he *was*. The steamboat and the steam-horse, are the miracle-workers of

the day. But, then, enterprise and labor have done their wonders, too.

The Erie canal! What an achievement for a young people! The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, too! Go over it, and see how labor has wrought with mountain rocks, and torn them from their beds, and dashed them aside, as if with the power of Milton's demons. See the fire-horse, with long trains of cars, careering through the air, over rivers, and pathless swamps, from Charleston, South-Carolina, to Hamburgh, on the Savannah. Take the railroad from Boston to Providence, and see the rocks that have been cleft asunder, the mountains of dirt thrown up — the track now through caverns, and anon over a massive bridge of mason work, that almost staggers human faith to believe it has been done.

And then mark what enterprise is planning, and will execute, too. Why, railroad tracks are projecting in all directions, from New-Orleans to Nashville, in the South, and from Quebec to Portland, in the North. No enterprise staggers us. Nothing appals us. No hazard too great to be run. Ingenuity is racked to the utmost. Every body is awake, and wide awake. There is, as it were, an atmospheric maelstrom all about us. We talk in a hurry. We walk in a hurry. We make love in a hurry, and are married in a hurry. We eat, drink, sleep, and die in a hurry, and, alas! are buried in a hurry. Every thing is on the high pressure principle. No doubt such a state of fermentation, in any society, has its advantages and disadvantages

It is one of the advantages of our free institutions, that they give society such a stimulus. Our politics, even with all their bitterness and occasional outbreakings, do us much good They teach us that no man is *above* the influence of public opinion; and they also teach each man the responsibility he takes in forming it. They raise up the humble, and rank them with the proud. They stimulate in the bosoms of all, the ambition to advance—or, to "go ahead"—to use a phrase better descriptive of the thing itself.

The political cauldron that is always boiling in such a government as ours, throws up on the surface of society many men of strong minds, and high purposes: and though often—too often, it may be—the very seethings of the cauldron will come up too, yet, in a moment of calm, they sink to their proper level, while what is good remains. Death, too, is a great leveler among us; and if it would not be impious, I would add, the severest of all Republicans. The family whom overgrown wealth was making proud to-day, death cuts up to-morrow—dividing its inheritance, scattering its members, and often robbing it of its natal soil. The incipient aristocracy is thus nipped in the bud. The wealth of a Girard is instantly divided among many persons.

How remarkable the fact, all over this country, that wealth seldom runs long in the same line, but that the heritage is rather a curse than a blessing for the children: and how remarkable the other fact, too, that almost all the large holders of property are the makers of their own fortunes; men who have earned it with their own hands, and by their own struggles. The

poor are ever coming upward and the rich are ever going downward. Such is the effect of this fermentation—such the stimulus of free institutions, and the operation of our laws of inheritance. But then, again, we must open our eyes the wider to the disadvantages of such a state of things, so as to check and improve them.

We must forget, that it generates an inordinate thirst for office, and often a daring and reckless ambition—that it makes wealth the god of thousands—engulphs them in its pursuit, and often throws into the distance the man of genius, and the achievements of Literature, Art, and Science. Thus, politics and money-making engross the talents of the country: and thus Literature is kept at a partial stand—when, in a free country, men of learning, and men of genius, whose efforts stamp the age, and refine its manners, ought to be, if not the first, among the first. This, we must use our efforts to counteract.

Genius must be won from the ranks of political combatants. The sparks of poetical fire that blaze in the columns of the partisan press, must kindle up the pages of the Muse. Haughty, dictatorial, pampered Wealth, that frowns upon genius, must receive the lash of genius. Men of property must be made to see that their true glory consists in encouraging the arts, the sciences, the achievements of the pen or pencil. Above all, the schoolmaster must go abroad more and more. Education, universal education, not little, but much, free schools, popular clubs, literary newspapers, and periodicals, must be cherished. Literary men must respect themselves, and speak loud

and strong — and when they sell their labors, not sell themselves.

A vast amount of talent we have at command, if it can be united and combined. Our newspapers often show it — our periodicals show it. It is a remarkable fact that our periodical literature — the only kind which this country has *really* patronized — has ever been unrivaled by any nation on earth. The State Papers of the Revolution did almost if not quite as much for us as our soldiery. The best diplomatists of Europe have confessed their power, and paid us the tribute — and sure I am, that in this respect we have not degenerated.

With the same strength that we develop our national resources, we must develop the moral and intellectual energies among us. There is great danger that such a busy, practical people, will forget that they have hearts and souls. There is danger, too, that such a moving, journeying people, will lose their attachments to home — their love for the rocks, and hills, and valleys, that their eyes first saw. Home, home, home — is the sentiment that we need to cherish. Our country must be our idol, if idols we have.

Next to the preservation of liberty, is the preservation of the Union — and this, in a territory so vast, can only be effected but by an interchange of feelings, by intercommunications, by forming friends, and making visits, all over our wide domain. We must know, and understand each other, in order to love each other. We must see with our own eyes what a glorious heritage our fathers have bequeathed us, before we can appreciate its value. Dangers threaten us, above all

other people—and such dangers as only high patriotism, and pure affection, can overcome.

We have not achieved our independence yet. Washington and his compatriots gave us freedom. Our own industry has liberated us from a servile dependence upon foreign skill and foreign artisans—and now we want a literary freedom—the independence to think, write, and criticise for ourselves—not driving our scholars abroad to acquire a reputation at home, and then reflecting at home the light of foreign glow-worms from abroad. We want local attachments, too—then a national pride—a just sense of our own importance.

Another duty we have laid on our hands—and that is, to elevate and refine public feeling, by associations, by lectures, by lyceums, and in every practicable manner, so as to give society a tone and a character, and so as to combat the physical and lower tendencies of the day. There is an atmosphere encompassing every circle, either light or lurid, just in proportion to the splendor of the minds that sparkle within it. There is a sympathetic link in the chain of social intercourse, that vibrates well or ill, wherever it is touched.

The tone of a whole society may be compared to the winds that float through an Æolian harp. If but a summer breeze plays upon its strings, it is like the melodious notes that sprang from Memnon's statue, when touched by the rays of the morning sun. But if the rude and gusty storm runs roughly over the cords, it flings off notes harsh and discordant. See, then, the duty of the American. But tune society, and it will pour forth melodies from a thousand strings.

LESSON XXVI.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms strech'd from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtur'd on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest granduer drest,
Enamel'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!—
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

LESSON XXVII.

MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY.

Now, reader, if you will take my hand and use my eyes a little while, I will render you all the aid I can in seeing such wonders as would attract millions of beholders, if they were near the banks of the Hudson or the Thames, instead of the beautiful Kentucky "Green River." Down the main branch we go, then, for two miles—stopping by the way at "the Doctor's house," to leave our hats, wearing handkerchiefs instead—till we reach the "steamboat," an immense rock bearing that name. Just behind this is an avenue, with a narrow mouth, which you descend, stooping for some rods, and pursue for two miles or more.

You pass, on your way, by a narrow and slippery path, "the bottomless pit,"—a frightful chasm one hundred and sixty feet in depth, down which we hurled rocks and stones, which were several seconds in reach-

ing the bottom, with fainter and fainter reverberations from the rocky cliffs below. Near this is "the Dead Sea," at the side of which you descend by a ladder several feet.

You leave this branch and ascend again till you enter the "winding way," which is one hundred and five yards long, and one of the most crooked, zigzag paths that can be conceived. The roof is not more than four and a half feet high, and the path which at some day seems to have been a water-channel, is about fifteen or twenty inches wide, the sides rising about two and a half feet perpendicularly, but hollowed out sufficiently above that to admit the free use of the arms. A man of ordinary size can thread this labyrinth easily.

Hurrying past a clear, beautiful cascade, descending some thirty feet from the roof, we reach the river Styx, where a skiff is waiting. After crossing the first branch of the river, one hundred and fifty yards, you reach two little streams which are usually crossed by a skiff.

Crossing another branch of the river two hundred yards in length, we came to the river "Jordan," which is three-fourths of a mile long, about twenty-five feet broad, at least three hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, and not far from five miles from the mouth of the cave. The river is of uniform width, and of considerable depth. The roof is of solid rock, forming a regular arch from the water; now rising to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and then falling so low that all must stoop or have broken heads.

It is in this river that the eyeless fish are found, one of which I saw. They are about six inches long, of the form of the cat-fish, or "bull head," of New Eng-

land, but nearly white and translucent. They are without eyes, or even sockets for them.

Safely across the "Jordan," let us hasten on to the points of exciting interest beyond. Passing through "Silliman's Avenue," you enter and climb up the rugged sides of "the Vineyard," by a ladder. Here you are surrounded by "surges of rocks," as some one called them, mostly of a spherical form, and completely encrusted with a formation resembling clusters of grapes of a purple color. For a hundred feet or more around, the walls are covered in this way.

A few steps to the right of the vineyard, is "the Holy Sepulchre." You climb up the almost perpendicular side of the cave, at considerable risk, to a beautiful gateway of stalactites,* just large enough to admit the person; and one of the most unique and enchanting sights greets you that eyes ever beheld. It is a room about thirty-five feet long and fifteen wide, with a low arched roof, which at the end you enter is hung with the most beautiful, coral-like stalactites. In the centre of the room is a cavity, perfectly regular, about fifteen feet long by five wide and six deep; having every appearance of a newly formed grave, and all of solid rock. It is a perfect gem among all the curiosities of this most curious cave. It is suited to awaken associations of solemn interest to the stricken heart. You feel amply repaid for the difficult scramble up, and the more difficult task of getting down.

The most imaginative poets never conceived or painted a place of such exquisite beauty and loveliness as "Cleveland's Cabinet," into which you now pass. Were the wealth of princes bestowed on the most

skillful lapidaries, with the view of rivaling the splendors of this single chamber, the attempt would be vain. How, then, can I hope to give you a conception of it? You must see it; and you will then feel that all attempt at description is futile. It is a perfect arch, of about fifty feet span, of an average height of about ten feet in the centre—just high enough to be viewed with ease in all its parts. It is encrusted from end to end with the most beautiful formations, in every variety of form. The base of the whole is carbonate of lime, in part of dazzling whiteness, and perfectly smooth, and in other places crystalized so as to glitter like diamonds in the light.

Growing from this, in endlessly diversified forms, is a substance resembling selenite,† translucent, and imperfectly laminated. Some of the crystals bear a striking resemblance to branches of celery, and are of about the same length; while others, a foot or more in length, have the appearance and color of vanilla cream candy; others are set in the carbonate of lime in the form of a rose; and others still roll out from the base in forms resembling the ornamants on the capital of a Corinthian column. Some of the incrustations are massive and splendid; others are as delicate as the lily, or as fancy work of shell or wax.

Think of traversing an arched way like this for a mile and a half, and all the wonders of the tales of youth—"Arabian Nights" and all—seem tame, compared with the living, growing reality. Yes, growing reality; for the process is going on before your eyes. Successive coats of these incrustations have been perfected and crowded off by others: so that hundreds

of tons of these gems lie at your feet and are crushed as you pass, while the work of restoring the ornaments is proceeding around you. Here and there, through the whole extent, you will find openings in the sides, into which you may thrust the person, and often stand erect in little grottoes, perfectly encrusted with a delicate white substance, reflecting the light from a thousand glittering points. All the way, you might have heard us exclaiming, "Wonderful!" "Wonderful!"

* Stalactite—A sub-variety of carbonate of lime.
† Selenite—Crystalized sulphate of lime.

LESSON XXVIII.

MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY.—[Concluded.]

With general unity of form and appearance, there is considerable variety in "the Cabinet." The "snow-ball room," for example, is a section of the cave described above, some two hundred feet in length, entirely different from the adjacent parts; its appearance being aptly indicated by its name. If a hundred rude school-boys had but an hour before completed their day's sport by throwing a thousand snow-balls against the roof, while an equal number were scattered about the floor, and all petrified, it would have presented precisely such a scene as you witness in this room of nature's frolics. So far as I know, these "snow-balls" are a perfect anomaly among all the strange forms of crystalization.

Leaving the quiet and beautiful "Cabinet," you come suddenly upon the "Rocky Mountains," furnishing a contrast so bold and striking as almost to startle you. Clambering up the rough side, some thirty feet, you pass close under the roof of the cavern you have left, and find before you an immense transverse cave, one hundred feet or more from the ceiling to the floor, with a huge pile of rocks half filling the hither side.

Taking the left hand branch, you are soon brought to "Crogan's Hall," which is nine miles from the mouth and is the farthest point explored in that direction. The "Hall" is fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and perhaps thirty-five feet high, of a semi-circular form. Fronting you, as you enter, are massive stalactites, ten or fifteen feet in length, attached to the rock, like sheets of ice, and of a brilliant color. The rock projects near the floor and then recedes, with a regular and graceful curve or swell, leaving a cavity of several feet in width, between it and the floor. At intervals around this swell, stalactites of various forms are suspended, and behind the sheet of stalactites first described are numerous stalagmites,* in fanciful forms.

In the centre of this hall, a very large stalactite hangs from the roof; and a corresponding stalagmite rises from the floor about three feet in height and a foot in diameter, of an amber color, perfectly smooth and translucent, like the other formations. On your right is a deep pit, down which the water dashes from a cascade that pours from the roof. Other avenues could most likely be found by descending the sides of the pit, if any one has the courage to attempt the descent. We hastened back to the "rocky mountains,"

and took the branch which we left at our right on emerging from the Cabinet.

Pursuing the uneven path for some distance, we reached "Sereno's Arbor." The descent to the "arbor" seemed so perilous, from the position of the loose rocks around, that several of the party would not venture.

Those of us who scrambled down regarded this as the crowning object of interest. The "arbor" is not more than twelve feet in diameter, and of about the same height, of a circular form; but is of itself, floor, sides, roof and ornaments, one perfect, seamless stalactite, of a beautiful hue, and exquisite workmanship. Folds or blades of stalactical matter hang like drapery around the sides, reaching half way to the floor; and opposite the door a canopy of stone projects, elegantly ornamented, as if it were the resting place of a fairy bride.

Every thing seemed fresh and new: indeed, the invisible architect has not quite finished this master-piece; for you can see the pure water trickling down its tiny channels, and perfecting the delicate points of some of the stalactites. Victoria, with all her splendor, has not in Windsor Castle so beautiful an apartment as "Sereno's Arbor." Reluctantly leaving the "arbor," we reascended the "rocky mountains," and passed leisurely through the "Cabinet."

We visited, on our return, an immense Dome, viewing it from a window broken into its side. Although illuminated with a Bengal light, neither the floor or ceiling were visible. It must be two hundred feet high, and one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. Directly over this dome is the "Bat room," which we

were too weary to visit. We spent a moment in the "Bacon room," answering well to its name. If two or three hundred hams were suspended from the ceiling of a low room, at perfectly regular intervals, each in a canvass sack, the appearance would be similar to that presented here.

At about six o'clock we made our way out of the cave, having been eleven hours in the bowels of the earth. And now I would say to the reader, do not omit any good opportunity of visiting the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, for here you may see two hundred and twenty-six avenues, forty-seven domes, with a subterranean world of wonders.

* Stalagmite—A deposit of calcareous matter.

LESSON XXIX.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE VOYAGE.

Those who have deserved the most at the hands of this world, have fared the worst. Poverty and persecution have been the lot of genius; the stake and the cross, the reward of piety. We have a striking illustration of this, in the treatment which Christopher Columbus received from his fellow men. A nobler man never breathed this air; and yet, he was murdered with obloquy! He whose merit a crown could not have met, was glad of a refuge in the grave. Succeeding generations have made retribution to his memory; but justice is mockery to the dead. The repose of Colum-

bus would have been as sweet, and his eternal glory as great, without our fruitless homage.

We have followed this wonderful man with growing interest, from the beginning to the end of his career. We have watched him from the first faint glimmer of his grand conception, until it shone upon him with the burning brightness of a sun, filling the whole heavens with its glory, and drowning every feebler luminary in its light. But if we were searching his life for a scene of surpassing sublimity, we would fix on the last night of his voyage.

Man never started on an enterprise more grand or perilous than Columbus. He was about to search the wide wastes of an unexplored ocean, for a world which even the most sanguine only dared to hope had an existence. Columbus left Spain with three vessels, so small and poorly constructed that a madman at the present day would hardly venture in them a hundred miles from land. Two of them had no decks in the centre; and the other, which carried the High Admiral, was but little better fitted to meet the storm.

In such plight as this, on Friday, the third of August, 1492, after almost eighteen years of fruitless supplication, Columbus and his followers set sail from the port of Palos. Day after day they keep on their course to the West. They reach waters which no keel had ploughed, no line sounded; and still, no signs of land! Week follows week, until thousands of miles stretch between them and their native shores; and still, no signs of land! Their provisions are nearly gone—the sails hang in rags about the spars—the vessels groan as they mount each succeeding wave—and still, no signs of

land! Faith, weary with watching, ceases to expect —Hope, worn by its vigils, no longer looks.

Never did a darker night overtake man, than the last night of that gloomy voyage. To-morrow, by mutual agreement between the Admiral and his crews, if no land appear, they are to turn their bows toward Spain. But even this scarcely afforded hope. Before they could reach the nearest port, their provisions might be exhausted, or the relentless tempest might send their shattered barques to the bottom.

They turn into their hammocks; but not to sleep. Sad remembrances, gloomy forebodings, weigh down their souls. They chide the folly which allured them from Spain. They think of the friends who stood on the beach and waved an ominous farewell; and, oh! they must meet them again no more, until the sea give up the dead that are in it. But, ah! as they turn on their faces and abandon themselves to despair, what sound is that which comes from the deck! It is the voice of their leader—it is the electric cry, "LAND! LAND!" Yes, "LAND! LAND!" rises for the first time over that unsounded sea.

They leap from their hammocks—they rush to the decks—and, gazing with strained eye-balls over the bows, see a faint light in the distance, moving, as it seems, from place to place. Hoping, hardly daring to hope, they wait for morning; when, lo! as it breaks, one of those fair isles which stud the ocean, rises from the shades of receding night. It rises in native loveliness, unmarred by man, unprofaned by the axe, its fields kissing the waters, its forests saluting the clouds. Transported with joy, forgetful of the past, anticipating the

glory of the future,—they simultaneously break forth in praise to God. From every vessel, from every tongue, one glad song ascends to Heaven; and the "Te Deum" swells where waves had roared and wild winds wailed.

LESSON XXX.

RETURN AND RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies, were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations.

His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they were natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions: popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April, that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had

been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to welcome him.

His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs, which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers, and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities: while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed, as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event, that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile.

At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving, to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than were these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants, of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold, in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these

countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event.

When Columbus retired from the royal presence, he was attended to his residence by all the court, and followed by the shouting populace. For many days he was the object of universal curiosity, and wherever he appeared, he was surrounded by an admiring multitude.

LESSON XXXI.

THE LEAF.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;
It flourished on the same light stem,
It drank the same clear dews with them.
The crimson tints of summer morn,
That gilded one, did each adorn,
The breeze, that whispered light and brief
To bud or blossom, kiss'd the leaf;
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions pass'd away,
And left the leaf to lone decay.
The gentle gales of spring went by,
The fruits and flowers of summer die.
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.
The leaf now yielded to the blast,
And on the rushing stream was cast.
Far, far it glided to the sea,
And whirl'd and eddied wearily,
Till suddenly it sank to rest,
And slumber'd on the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours,
Bright as the birthday of the flowers,
Thus passes like the leaves away,
As wither'd and as lost as they.

Beneath the parent roof we meet
In joyous groups, and gaily greet
The golden beams of love and light,
That kindle to the youthful sight.
But soon we part, and one by one,
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.

LESSON XXXII.

THE WIFE.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude, with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters, which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by

Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.

Never did a couple set forward, on the flowery path of early and well suited marriage, with a fairer prospect of felicity. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time, he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was, the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceiv-

ed by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek; the song will die away from those lips; the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me, one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears.

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation, at once, to his wife. "Believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, there is, in every true woman's heart, a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes, in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

Some days afterwards, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I; "has any thing happened to her?"

"Has she repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich: you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees, as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the

most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers, tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a footpath, that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air, of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished; a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them; and we have such excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here.—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh! we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms round her; he could not speak; but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

LESSON XXXIII.

HOME.

There is something in the word home, that wakes the kindliest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear, but the very hills, and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home, "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay.

No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet, or the lily, or to twine a garland for *some loved* schoolmate.

We may wander away and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave—and listen to the voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul.

The African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and strifes and toil may have crushed his spirits—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams?

The New-England mariner—amid the icebergs of the Northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever-green isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have plowed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of

home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain.

How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a brother or sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of home.

LESSON XXXIV.

MOUNT MONADNOCK.

Upon the far-off mountain's brow
  The angry storm has ceased to beat;
And broken clouds are gathering now
  In sullen reverence round his feet;
I saw their dark and crowded bands
  In thunder on his breast descending;
But there once more redeem'd he stands
  And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I've seen him when the morning sun
  Burn'd like a bale-fire on the height;
I've seen him when the day was done,
  Bathed in the evening's crimson light.
I've seen him at the midnight hour,
  When all the world was calmly sleeping,
Like some stern sentry in his tower,
  His weary watch in silence keeping.

And there, forever firm and clear,
  His lofty turret upward springs;
He owns no rival summit near,
  No sovereign but the King of kings.
Thousands of nations have pass'd by,
  Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high
  He rears, in melancholy glory.

The proudest works of human hands
  Live but an age before they fall,
While that severe and hoary tower
  Outlives the mightiest of them all.
And man himself, more frail, by far
  Than even the works his hand in raising,
Sinks downward like the falling star
  That flashes, and expires in blazing.

And all the treasures of the heart,
  Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears,
Its hopes and memories, must depart
  To sleep with unremember'd years.
But still that ancient rampart stands
  Unchang'd, though years are passing o'er him
And time withdraws his powerless hands,
  While ages melt away before him.

So should it be—for no heart beats
  Within his cold and silent breast;
To him no gentle voice repeats
  The soothing words that make us blest.
And more than this—his deep repose
  Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow,
He hath no weary eyes to close,
  No cause to hope, or fear to-morrow.

LESSON XXXV.

EXALTED CHARACTER OF POETRY.

POETRY seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, power of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested.

It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms, and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful *existence.*

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul.

It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature,

brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

LESSON XXXVI.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

The human mind is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite Mind with which we are acquainted. It is created and placed in this world to be educated for a higher state of existence. Here its faculties begin to unfold, and those mighty energies, which are to bear it forward to unending ages, begin to discover themselves. The object of training such a mind should be, to enable the soul to fulfil her duties well here, and to stand on high vantage ground, when she leaves this cradle of her being for an eternal existence beyond the grave.

There is now and then a youth, who, like Ferguson, can tend sheep in the field, and there accurately mark the position of the stars, with a thread and beads, and

with his knife construct a watch from wood; but such instances are rare. Most need encouragement to sustain, instruction to aid, and directions to guide them.

The mighty minds which have gone before us, have left treasures for our inheritance, and the choicest gold is to be had for the digging. How great the dissimilarity between a naked Indian, dancing with joy over a new feather for his head-dress, and such a mind as that of Newton or of Boyle! And what makes the difference? There is mind enough in the savage; he can almost outdo the instincts of the prey which he hunts; but his soul is like the marble pillar. There is a beautiful statue in it, but the hand of the sculptor has never laid the chisel upon it. That mind of the savage has never been disciplined by study; and it, therefore, in the comparison, appears like the rough bison of the forest, distinguished only for strength and ferocity.

I am not now to dicuss the question whether the souls of men are naturally equal. You may have a good mind, a sound judgment, or a vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought and of views; but, believe me, you probably are not a genius, and can never become distinguished without severe application. Hence all that you ever have, must be the result of labor—hard, untiring labor. You have friends to cheer you on; you have books and teachers to aid you, and multitudes of helps. But, after all, disciplining and educating your mind must be your own work. No one can do this but yourself. And nothing in this world is of any worth, which has not labor and toil as its price.

The zephyrs of summer can but seldom breathe around you. "I foresee, distinctly, that you will have to double Cape Horn in the winter season, and to grapple with the gigantic spirit of the storm which guards the cape; and I foresee, as distinctly, that it will depend entirely on your own skill and energy, whether you survive the fearful encounter, and live to make a port in the mild latitudes of the Pacific."

Set it down as a fact, to which there are no exceptions, that we must labor for all that we have, and that nothing is worth possessing or offering to others, which costs us nothing. The first, and great object of education is, to discipline the mind. Make it the first object to be able to fix and hold your attention upon your studies. He who can do this, has mastered many and great difficulties; and he who cannot do it, will in vain look for success in any department of study.

Patience is a virtue kindred to attention; and without it, the mind cannot be said to be disciplined. Patient labor and investigation are not only essential to success in study, but are an unfailing guarantee to success.

The student should learn to think and act for himself. True originality consists in doing things well, and doing them in your own way. A mind half-educated is generally imitating others. "No man was ever great by imitation." Let it be remembered that we cannot copy greatness or goodness by any effort. We must acquire it by our own patience and diligence.

Another object of study is, to form the judgment, so that the mind can not only investigate, but weigh and balance opinions and theories. Without this, you will

never be able to decide what to read or what to throw aside; what author to distrust, or what opinions to receive. Some of the most laborious men, and diligent readers, pass through life without accomplishing any thing desirable, for the want of what may be called a well-balanced judgment.

The great instrument of affecting the world is the mind; and no instrument is so decidedly and continually improved by exercise and use, as the mind. Many seem to feel as if it were not safe to put forth all their powers at one effort. You must reserve your strength for great occasions, just as you would use your horse—moderately and carefully on common occasions, but give him the spur on occasions of great emergency. This might be well, were the mind, in any respect, like the bones and muscles of the horse.

You may call upon your mind, to-day, for its highest efforts, and stretch it to the utmost in your power, and you have done yourself a kindness. The mind will be all the better for it. To-morrow you may do it again; and each time it will answer more readily to your calls.

But remember that real discipline of mind does not so much consist in now and then making a great effort, as in having the mind so trained that it will make constant efforts. The perfection of a disciplined mind is, not to be able, on some great contingency, to rouse up its faculties, and draw out a giant strength, but to have it always ready to produce a given and an equal quantity of results in a given and equal time.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE INDIAN, AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer: gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that

defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left his native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted, forever, from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untameable progenitors! The Indian, of falcon glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon

hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young spring, bright summer, autumn's solemn form,
And winter with his aged locks—and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on the brow,
Its shadows in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful:
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous: and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day: and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mould'ring skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,

It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.
Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe? what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations. Yet Time,
Time, the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless; and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

LESSON XXXIX.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WILD was the night: yet a wilder night
  Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
  Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
  The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
  That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
  By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
  And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
  And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
  Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
  The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
  His mighty armies shouted.

Again Marengo's field was won,
  And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
  Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

LESSON XL.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden an-

guish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness — who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error — covers every defect — extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy:—there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs — its noiseless attendance — its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love — the feeble, fluttering, thrilling — oh, how thrilling! — pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint,

faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

LESSON XLI.

INTEGRITY.

Among the prisoners taken at the battle of Hoosac, by the Americans, was an inhabitant of Hancock, in the county of Berkshire, a plain farmer, named Jackson. This man had conscientiously taken the side of the British in the revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his king. Hearing that Colonel Baum, a British officer, was advancing with a body of troops towards Bennington in Vermont, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to his corps.

Here he was taken prisoner in such circumstances as proved his intention, beyond every reasonable doubt. He was, besides, too honest to deny it. Accordingly, he was committed to the charge of the high sheriff of the county, who immediately confined him in the county jail. This building was at that time so infirm, that, without a guard, no prisoner could be kept in it, who wished to escape. But to escape, however, was in no degree consonant with Jackson's idea of right; and he thought no more seriously of making an attempt of this nature, than he would have done in his own house.

After he had lain quietly in jail a few days, he told the sheriff that he was losing his time and earning nothing, and wished that he would permit him to go out and work in the day time, promising to return regularly at evening to his quarters in the prison. The

sheriff having become acquainted with his character, readily acceded to his proposal. Accordingly Jackson went out regularly during the remaining part of the autumn, and the following winter and spring until the beginning of May, and every evening returned, at the proper time, to the jail.

In this manner he performed a day's work every day, with scarcely any exception besides the Sabbath, through the whole period. In the month of May, he was to be tried for high treason. The sheriff made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried. But he told the sheriff, that it was not worth his while to take this trouble, for he could just as well go alone, and it would save both the expense and the inconvenience of the sheriff's journey.

The sheriff, after a little reflection, assented to his proposal, and Jackson commenced his journey — the only one, it is believed, which was ever undertaken, in the same manner for the same object. While on his journey, he was overtaken by the Honorable T. Edwards, from whom this account was received. "Whither are you going." said Mr. Edwards. "To Springfield, sir," answered Jackson, "to be tried for my life." Accordingly, he proceeded directly to Springfield, surrendered himself to the sheriff there; was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die.

Application was made to the executive council for pardon. The facts were stated, the evidence by which they were supported, and the sentence, grounded on them. The question was then put by the president, "Shall a pardon be granted to Jackson?" The gentleman who first spoke, observed that the case was per-

fectly clear; the act charged against Jackson was unquestionably high treason; and the proof was complete. If a pardon be granted in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other.

In the same manner answered those who spoke after him. When it came to the turn of Mr. Edwards, who was one of the council, he related this story, with those little circumstances of particularity, which give light and shade a living reality. At the same time, he evidently made no effort to be pathetic. As is always the case, this simplicity gave the narration its full force. The council began to hesitate. One of the members at length observed, "Surely, such a man as this ought not to be sent to the gallows." To this opinion, the members unanimously agreed. A pardon was immediately made out and transmitted to Springfield, and Jackson returned to his family. Never was exhibited a stronger proof, that honesty is wisdom.

LESSON XLII.

A SCENE AT SEA.

The Active, sloop of war, had been lying all day becalmed, in mid ocean, and was rolling and pitching about in a heavy ground swell, which was the only trace left of the gale she had lately encountered. The sky was of as tender and serene a blue as if it had never been deformed with clouds; and the atmosphere

was bland and pleasant. To a true sailor there are few circumstances more annoying than a perfect calm.

On the afternoon in question, this feeling of restlessness at the continuance of the calm was not confined to the crew of the Active. Her commander had been nearly all day on deck, walking to and fro, on the starboard side, with quick impatient strides, or now stepping into one gangway, and now into the other, and casting anxious and searching looks into all quarters of the heavens, as if it were of the utmost consequence that a breeze should spring up and enable him to pursue his way.

But notwithstanding his impatience, and the urgency of his mission, whatever it was, the Active continued to roll heavily about at the sport of the big round billows, which swelled up and spread and tumbled over so lazily, that their glassy surfaces were not broken by a ripple. The sun went down clear, but red and fiery; and the sky, though its blue faded to a duskier tint, still remained unflecked by a single cloud.

"We shall have a dull and lazy night of it, Vangs," said the master's mate.

The person he addressed stood on the heel of the bowsprit, with his arms folded on his breast, and his gaze fixed intently on the western horizon, from which the daylight had so completely faded, that it required a practised and keen eye to discern where the sky and water met. He did not turn his head, nor withdraw his eyes from the spot they rested on, as he said, in a low tone, "We shall have work enough before morning."

"Turn your eye in that direction, Mr. Garnet. Do you not see a faint belt of light, no broader than my finger, that streaks the sky where the sun went down? It is not daylight, for I watched that all fade away, and the last glimmer of it was gone before that dim brassy streak began to show itself. And carry your eye in a straight line above it—do you not mark how thick and lead-like the air looks? There is that there," said the old man, "will try what stuff these sticks are made of before the morning breaks."

"Is there then really any prospect of wind?" asked the midshipman.

"Let it come butt-end foremost, if it chooses, and the sooner the better," said young Burton, laughing.

The old quarter-master turned a grave and thoughtful look on the round face of the lively boy, and seemed meditating an answer that might repress what probably struck him as untimely mirth; but even while he was in the act to speak, the tempest he had predicted burst in sudden fury upon the vessel. The first indication those below had of its approach, was the wild rushing sound of the gust, which broke upon their ears like the roar of a volcano. The heaving and rolling of the ship ceased all at once, as if the waves had been subdued and chained down by the force of a mighty pressure.

The vessel stood motionless an instant, as if instinct with life, and cowering in conscious fear of the approaching strife; the tempest then burst upon her, and the stately mass reeled and fell over before it, like a tower struck down by a thunder-bolt. The surge was so violent that the ship was thrown almost on her

beam-ends, and every thing on board, not secured in the strongest manner, was pitched with great force to leeward.

A scene of fearful grandeur was presented. The sky was of a murky, leaden hue, and appeared to bend over the ship in a nearer and narrower arch, binding the ocean in so small a round, that the eye could trace, through the whole circle, the line where the sickly looking heaven rested on the sea. The air was thick and heavy; and the water, covered with driving snow-like foam, seemed to be packed and flattened down by the fury of the blast, which scattered its billows into spray as cutting as the sleet of a December storm.

The wind howled and screamed through the rigging with an appalling sound, that might be likened to the shrieks and wailings of angry fiends; and the ship fled before the tempest, like an affrighted thing, with a velocity that piled the water in a huge bank around her bows, and sent it off, whirling and sparkling, in lines of dazzling whiteness, soon lost in the general hue of the ocean, which resembled a wild waste of drifting snow.

For more than an hour did the Active flee along in this way, like a wild horse foaming and stretching at his utmost speed, driven onward in the van of the tempest, and exposed to its fiercest wrath. At length, the first fury of the gale passed away, and the wind, though still raging tempestuously, swept over her with less appalling force. The ocean, now, as if to revenge itself for its constrained inactivity, roused from its brief repose, and swelled into billows that rolled and

chased each other with the wild glee of ransomed demons. Wave upon wave, in multitudinous confusion, came roaring in from astern; and their white crests, leaping, and sparkling, and hissing, formed a striking feature in the scene. The wind, fortunately, issued from the right point, and drove the Active toward her place of destination.

The dun pall of clouds, which from the commencement of the gale had totally overspread the heavens, except in the quarter whence the blast proceeded, now began to give way, and a reddish light shone out here and there, in long horizontal streaks, like the glow of expiring coals between the bars of a furnace. Though the first dreadful violence of the storm was somewhat abated, it still raved with too much fierceness and power to admit of any relaxation of vigilance. The commander himself still retained the trumpet, and every officer stood in silence at his station, clinging to whatever might assist him to maintain his difficult footing.

"Light, oh!" cried the look-out on one of the catheads.

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"Dead ahead."

"What does it look like, and how far off?" shouted the captain in a loud and earnest voice.

"A large vessel lying to under bare poles — starboard your helm, sir, quick — hard a-starboard, or you will fall aboard of her!"

This startling intelligence was hardly communicated, before the vessel descried from aloft loomed suddenly into sight from deck through the thick weather to lee-

ward. Her dusk and shadowy form seemed to rise up from the ocean, so suddenly did it open to view, as the driving mist was scattered for a moment. She lay right athwart the Active's bows, and almost under her fore-foot—as it seemed while she pitched into the trough of an enormous sea—and the Active rode on the ridge of the succeeding wave, which curled above the chasm, as if to overwhelm the vessel beneath.

"Starboard your helm, quarter-master! hard a-starboard!" cried the commander of the Active, in a tone of startling energy.

These orders were promptly obeyed, but it was too late for them to avail. The wheel, in the hands of four stout and experienced seamen, was forced swiftly round, and the effect of the rudder was assisted by a pull of the starboard braces; but in such a gale, and under bare poles, the helm exerted but little power over the driving and ponderous mass. She had headed off hardly a point from her course when she was taken up by a prodigious surge, and borne onward with fearful velocity. The catastrophe was now inevitable. In an instant the two ships fell together, their massive timbers crashing with the fatal force of the concussion. A wild shriek ascended from the deck of the stranger, and woman's shrill voice mingled with the sound.

All was now confusion and uproar on board both vessels. The Active had struck the stranger broad on the bows, while the bowsprit of the latter, rushing in between the fore-mast and the starboard fore-rigging of the Active, had snapped her chains and stays, and torn up the bolts and chain-plates, as if they had been *thread and* wire. Staggering back from the shock,

she was carried to some distance by a refluent wave, which suddenly subsiding, she gave such a heavy lurch to port that the foremast—now, wholly unsupported on the starboard side—snapped short off, like a withered twig, and fell with a loud plash into the ocean.

In the meanwhile another furious billow lifted the vessel on its crest, and the two ships closed again, like gladiators, faint and stunned, but still compelled to do battle. The bows of the stranger this time drove heavily against the bends of the Active just abaft her main-rigging, and her bowsprit darted quivering in over the bulwarks, as if it were the arrowy tongue of some huge sea monster. At this instant a wild sound of agony, between a shriek and a groan, was heard in that direction, and those who turned to ascertain its cause saw, as the vessels again separated, a human body, swinging and writhing at the stranger's bowsprit head.

The vessel heaved up into the moonlight, and showed the face of poor Vangs, the quarter-master, his back apparently crushed and broken, but his arms clasped round the spar, to which he appeared to cling with convulsive tenacity. The bowsprit had caught him on its end as it ran in over the Active's side, and driving against the mizzen-mast, deprived the poor wretch of all power to rescue himself from the dreadful situation. While a hundred eyes were fastened in a gaze of horror on the impaled seaman, thus dangling over the boiling ocean, the strange ship again reeled forward, as if to renew the terrible encounter. But her motion was now slow and laboring.

She was evidently settling by the head; she paused in mid career, gave a heavy drunken lurch to starboard, till her topmasts whipped against the rigging of her antagonist, then rising slowly on the ridge of the next wave, she plunged head foremost, and disappeared forever. One shriek of horror and despair rose through the storm — one wild delirious shriek! The waters swept over the drowning wretches, and hushed their gurgling cry. Then all was still!—all but the rush and whirl of waves as they were sucked into the vortex, and the voice of the storm which howled its wild dirge above the spot.

LESSON XLIII.

MELANCHOLY.

The sun of the morning,
  Unclouded and bright,
The landscape adorning
  With lustre and light,
To glory and gladness
  New bliss may impart;
But, oh! give to sadness
  And softness of heart
A moment to ponder, a season to grieve,
The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve.

Then soothing reflections
  Arise on the mind,
And sweet recollections
  Of friends who were kind—
Of love that was tender
  And yet could decay,
Of visions whose splendor
  Time withered away;
In all that for brightness and beauty may seem
The painting of fancy—the work of a dream.

The soft cloud of whiteness,
  The stars beaming through,
The full moon of brightness,
  The deep sky of blue,
The rush of the river
  Through vales that are still,
The breezes that ever
  Sigh lone o'er the hill,
Are sounds that can soften, and sights that impart
A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart.

LESSON XLIV

ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

On the 30th of May the people of Puna observed the appearance of smoke and fire in the interior, a mountainous and desolate region of that district. Thinking that the fire might be the burning of some jungle, they took little notice of it until the next day, Sabbath, when the meetings in the different villages were thrown into confusion by sudden and grand exhibitions of fire, on a scale so large and fearful as to leave them no room to doubt the cause of the phenomenon. The fire augmented during the day and night, but it did not seem to flow off rapidly in any direction.

All were in consternation, as it was expected that the molten flood would pour itself down from its height of four thousand feet, to the coast, and no one knew to what point it would flow, or what devastation would attend its fiery course. On Monday, June 1st, the stream began to flow off in a northeasterly direction, and on the following Wednesday, at evening, the burning river reached the sea, having averaged about half a mile an hour in its progress. The rapidity of the flow was very unequal, being modified by the inequalities of the surface, over which the stream passed. Sometimes it is supposed to have moved five miles an hour, and at other times, owing to obstructions, making no apparent progress, except in filling up deep valleys, and in swelling over or breaking away hills and precipices.

But I will return to the source of the eruption. This is in a forest, and in the bottom of an ancient wooded crater, about four hundred feet deep, and probably eight miles east from Kilauea. The region being uninhabited and covered with a thicket, it was some time before the place was discovered, and up to this time, though several foreigners have attempted it, no one, except myself, has reached the spot. From Kilauea to this place the lava flows in a subterranean gallery, probably at the depth of a thousand feet, but its course can be distinctly traced all the way, by the rending of the crust of the earth into innumerable fissures, and by the emission of smoke, steam, and gases.

The eruption in this old crater is small, and from this place the stream disappears again for the distance of a mile or two, when the lava again gushed up and spread over an area of about fifty acres. Again it passes under ground for two or three miles, when it reappears in another old wooded crater, consuming the forest, and partly filling up the basin. Once more it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure.

At some places it is impossible to trace the subterranean stream, on account of the impenetrable thicket under which it passes. After flowing under ground several miles, perhaps six or eight, it again broke out like an overwhelming flood, and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and every thing before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where,

leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine to yourself a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling, in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean! The scene, as described by eye witnesses, was terribly sublime. Two mighty agencies in collision! Two antagonist and gigantic forces in contact, and producing effects on a scale inconceivably grand!

The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, and gases; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile, and a pretty sand-beach and a new cape were formed. Three hills of scoria and sand were also formed in the sea, the lowest about two hundred and the highest about three hundred feet.

For three weeks this terrific river disgorged itself into the sea with little abatement. Multitudes of fishes were killed, and the waters of the ocean were heated for twenty miles along the coast. The breadth of the stream, where it fell into the sea, is about half a mile, but inland it varies from one to four or five miles in width, conforming itself, like a river, to the face of the country over which it flowed. Indeed, if you can imagine the Mississippi, converted into liquid fire, of the consistency of fused iron, and moving onward, sometimes rapidly, sometimes sluggishly; now widen-

ing into a sea, and anon rushing through a narrow defile, winding its way through mighty forests and ancient solitudes, you will get some idea of the spectacle now exhibited.

The depth of the stream will probably vary from ten to two hundred feet, according to the inequalities of the surface over which it passed. During the flow, night was converted into day. The light rose and spread like the morning upon the mountains, and its glare was seen on the opposite side of the island. It was also distinctly visible for more than one hundred miles at sea; and at the distance of forty miles, fine print could be read at midnight. The brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament, and the scene is said to have been one of unrivaled sublimity.

The whole course of the stream from Kilauea to the sea is about forty miles. Its mouth is about twenty-five miles from the Hilo station. The ground over which it flowed, descends at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile. The crust is now cooled, and may be traversed with care, though scalding steam, pungent gases, and smoke are still emitted in many places.

In pursuing my way for nearly two days over this mighty smouldering mass, I was more and more impressed at every step with the wonderful scene. Hills had been melted down like wax; ravines and deep valleys had been filled; and majestic forests had disappeared like feathers in the flames. In some places the molten stream parted and flowed in separate channels for a considerable distance, and then reuniting, formed islands of various sizes, from one to fifty acres,

with trees still standing, but seared and blighted by the intense heat.

On the outer edges of the lava, where the stream was more shallow and the heat less vehement, and where of course the liquid mass cooled soonest, the trees were mowed down like grass before the scythe, and left charred, crisped, smouldering, and only half consumed. As the lava flowed around the trunks of large trees on the outskirts of the stream, the melted mass stiffened and consolidated before the trunk was consumed, and when this was effected, the top of the tree fell, and lay unconsumed on the crust, while the hole which marked the place of the trunk remains almost as smooth and perfect as the caliber of a cannon. These holes are innumerable, and I found them to measure from ten to forty feet deep; but as I remarked before, they are in the more shallow parts of the lava, the trees being entirely consumed where it was deeper.

During the flow of this eruption, the great crater of Kilauea sunk about three hundred feet, and her fires became nearly extinct, one lake only out of many, being left active in this mighty cauldron. This, with other facts which have been named, demonstrates that the eruption was the disgorgement of the fires of Kilauea. The open lake in the old crater is at present intensely active, and the fires are increasing, as is evident from the glare visible at our station and from the testimony of visiters.

During the early part of the eruption, slight and repeated shocks of earthquake were felt, for several successive days, near the scene of action. These shocks were not noticed at Hilo.

Through the direction of a kind Providence no lives were lost, and but little property was consumed during this amazing flood of fiery ruin. The stream passed over an uninhabited desert. A few little hamlets were consumed, and a few plantations were destroyed; but the inhabitants, forewarned, fled and escaped. During the progress of the eruption some of the people in Puna spent most of their time in prayer and religious meetings, some flew in consternation from the face of the all-devouring element, others wandered along its margin, marking with idle curiosity its daily progress, while another class still coolly pursued their usual vocations, unawed by the burning fury as it rolled along within a mile of their doors, apparently indifferent to the roar of consuming forests, the sight of devouring fire, the startling detonations, the hissing of escaping steam, the rending of the earth, the shivering and melting of gigantic rocks, the raging and dashing of the fiery waves, the bellowings, the murmurings, the unearthly mutterings coming up from the burning deep.

They went carelessly on amid the rain of ashes, sand, and fiery scintillations, gazing vacantly on the fearful and ever varying appearance of the atmosphere, murky, black, livid, blazing, the sudden rising of lofty pillars of flame, the upward curling of ten thousand columns of smoke, and their majestic roll in dense, dingy, lurid or party-colored clouds.

During the progress of the descending stream, it would often fall into some fissure, and forcing itself into apertures and under massive rocks, and even hillocks and extended plats of ground, and lifting them from their ancient beds, bear them with all their super-

incumbent mass of soil and trees, on its viscous and livid bosom, like a raft on the water. When the fused mass was sluggish, it had a gory appearance, like clotted blood, and when it was active, it resembled fresh and clotted blood mingled and thrown into violent agitation.

Sometimes the flowing lava would find a subterranean gallery, diverging at right angles from the main channel, and pressing into it would flow off unobserved, till meeting with some obstruction in its dark passage, when, by its expansive force, it would raise the crust of the earth into a dome-like hill of fifteen or twenty feet in height, and then bursting this shell, pour itself out in a fiery torrent around. A man who was standing at a considerable distance from the main stream, and intensely gazing on the absorbing scene before him, found himself suddenly raised to the height of ten or fifteen feet above the common level around him, and he had but just time to escape from his dangerous position, when the earth opened where he had stood, and a stream of fire gushed out.

LESSON XLV.

ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

Elizabeth Temple and Louisa had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed — "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—"Look at the dog!"

The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger.

"Brave!" said she, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time, Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on his haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as

commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls.

So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog — who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her — from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Eliza-

beth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gall; your bonnet hides the creater's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature, than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant,

the form of Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud—"Come in, Hector; come in; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

LESSON XLVI.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave old England's shores behind:—
  Leave behind our native shore,
  Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of wo,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud,
Hung in the folds of every cloud;
  Still, as long as life shall last,
  From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be
But bows beneath a despot's rod
Even where it seeks to worship God.
  Blasts of heaven, onward sweep!
  Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

O, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land, and other skies!
Columbian hills have met our view!
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
  Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
  Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head,—
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,—
  Shall those cliffs and mountains be
  Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise
The pæan loud of sacred praise,
More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
More loud than speak the rolling seas!
  Happier lands have met our view!
  England's shores, adieu! adieu!

LESSON XLVII.

DESCRIPTION OF A HERD OF BISONS.

"THERE come the buffaloes themselves, and a noble herd it is."

Every eye was now drawn to the striking spectacle that succeeded. A few enormous bison bulls were first discovered scouring along the most distant roll of the prairie, and then succeeded long files of single beasts, which, in their turns, were followed by a dark mass of bodies, until the dun colored herbage of the plain was entirely lost in the deeper hue of their shaggy coats. The herd, as the column spread and thickened, was like the endless flocks of the smaller birds, whose extended flanks are so often seen to heave up out of the abyss of the heavens, until they appear as countless as the leaves in those forests over which they wing their endless flight. Clouds of dust shot up in little columns from the centre of the mass, as some animal more furious than the rest ploughed the plain with his horns, and, from time to time, a deep, hollow bellowing was borne along on the wind, as though a thousand throats vented their plaints in a discordant murmuring.

A long and musing silence reigned in the party, as they gazed on this spectacle of wild and peculiar grandeur. It was at length broken by the trapper, who, having been long accustomed to similar sights, felt less of its influence, or rather felt it in a less thrilling and absorbing manner, than those to whom the scene

was more novel. "There," said he, "go ten thousand oxen in one drove, without keeper or master, except Him who made them, and gave them these open plains for their pasture! But the herd is heading a little this way, and it behooves us to make ready for their visit. If we hide ourselves, altogether, the horned brutes will break through the place, and trample us beneath their feet, like so many creeping worms; so we will just put the weak ones apart, and take post, as becomes men and hunters, in the van." As there was but little time to make the necessary arrangements, the whole party set about them in good earnest.

By the vascillating movements of some fifty or a hundred bulls, that led the advance, it remained questionable, for many moments, what course they intended to pursue. But a tremendous and painful roar, which came from behind the cloud of dust that rose in the centre of the herd, and which was horridly answered by the screams of carrion birds, that were greedily sailing directly above the flying drove, appeared to give a new impulse to their flight, and at once to remove every symptom of indecision. As if glad to seek the smallest signs of the forest, the whole of the affrighted herd became steady in its direction, rushing in a straight line toward the little cover of bushes, which has already been so often named.

The appearance of danger was now, in reality, of a character to try the stoutest nerves. The flanks of the dark, moving mass, were advanced in such a manner as to make a concave line of the front, and every fierce eye, that was glaring from the shaggy wilderness of hair, in which the entire heads of the males were

enveloped, was riveted with mad anxiety on the thicket. It seemed as if each beast strove to outstrip his neighbor in gaining this desired cover, and as thousands in the rear pressed blindly on those in front, there was the appearance of an imminent risk that the leaders of the herd would be precipitated on the concealed party, in which case the destruction of every one of them was certain. Each of our adventurers felt the danger of his situation in a manner peculiar to his individual character and circumstances.

The old man, who had stood all this while leaning on his rifle, and regarding the movements of the herd with a steady eye, now deemed it time to strike his blow. Leveling his piece at the foremost bull, with an agility that would have done credit to his youth, he fired. The animal received the bullet on the matted hair between his horns, and fell to his knees; but, shaking his head, he instantly arose, the very shock seeming to increase his exertions. There was now no longer time to hesitate. Throwing down his rifle, the trapper stretched forth his arms, and advanced from the cover with naked hands, directly towards the rushing column of the beasts.

The figure of a man, when sustained by the firmness and steadiness that intellect can only impart, rarely fails of commanding respect from all the inferior animals of the creation. The leading bulls recoiled, and, for a single instant, there was a sudden stop to their speed, a dense mass of bodies rolling up in front, until hundreds were seen floundering and tumbling on the plain. Then came another of those hollow bellowings *from the rear*, and set the herd again in motion. The

head of the column, however, divided; the immovable form of the trapper cutting it, as it were, into two gliding streams of life. Middleton and Paul instantly profited by his example, and extended the feeble barrier by a similar exhibition of their own persons.

For a few moments, the new impulse given to the animals in front served to protect the thicket. But, as the body of the herd pressed more and more upon the open line of its defenders, and the dust thickened so as to obscure their persons, there was, at each instant, a renewed danger of the beasts breaking through. It became necessary for the trapper and his companions to become still more and more alert; and they were gradually yielding before the headlong multitude, when a furious bull darted by Middleton, so near as to brush his person, and, at the next instant, swept through the thicket with the velocity of the wind.

All their efforts would have proved fruitless, however, against the living torrent, had not Asinus, whose domains had just been so rudely entered, lifted his voice in the midst of the uproar. The most sturdy and furious of the bulls trembled at the alarming and unknown cry, and then each individual brute was seen madly pressing from that very thicket, which, the moment before, he had endeavored to reach with the same sort of eagerness as that with which the murderer seeks the sanctuary.

As the stream divided, the place became clear; the two dark columns moving obliquely from the copse to unite again at the distance of a mile on its opposite side. The instant the old man saw the sudden effect which the voice of Asinus had produced, he coolly

commenced reloading his rifle, indulging, at the same time, in a most heartfelt fit of his silent and peculiar merriment.

The uproar which attended the passage of the herd, was now gone, or rather it was heard rolling along the prairie, at the distance of a mile. The clouds of dust were already blown away by the wind, and a clear range was left to the eye, in that place where, ten minutes before, there existed such a strange scene of wildness and confusion.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

Not a leaf on the tree,—not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell, and blossomed the rose;
And hushed is the cry of the swift-darting swallow,
That circled the lake in the twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the woodbine and sweet-scented brier,
That bloomed o'er the hillock and gladdened the vale;
And the vine that uplifted its green pointed spire,
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost covered pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep welling fountain,
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And locked up in silence its frolicsome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest branches,
And gather about me, my children, in glee;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me.

LESSON XLIX.

LAKES AND THE OCEAN.

There is ever a contrast between the lesser lakes and the great ocean. You can rarely, if ever, look upon the sea, when it is not heaving with the coming on, the height, or the dying of the tempest. There is always agitation within its mighty bosom. You see something at work there that tells of perpetual unrest; of a power within that cannot be still. The subsiding thunder of the storm that has passed away, is but the deep prelusive music of another.

But go in midsummer to the lake, embosomed among the hills, and gaze upon it when all the elements are in slumber, and I know not that you will find in nature a more beautiful picture of repose. There is no heaving billow there—no crested wave breaking in foam upon the shore—no sound of departed storm, murmuring like some vast imprisoned spirit at its temporary subjection.

But you see there a surface, silent as death—and as placid. The water lies spread before you, a perfect mirror—and you see wooded summit and lofty vale—

forest and field-tree and tower—cloud and sky, all gazing into its profound, as though enchanted with the loveliness of their own reflection. You see the beautiful and the grand mingling their wonders in solitude, and you feel how much more exquisite is the display, when it is perfected in the hour and home of Nature's quietness.

Then, if you stand upon bank or shore at sunset, when its hundred hues are playing on the sky, and see the new heaven created in the depths below you, and witness its mockery of splendor, its fading colors and dying beams, till star begins to answer star in the dark water, surely you are beholding something that Nature presents only in such hallowed spots in her empire—something of beauty and grandeur that she can never offer by the "vasty deep,"—something—be it developed where it may, far beyond the witchery of the gifted pencil—something to rejoice in—something to be thankful for.

LESSON L.

THE FINE ARTS.

It is often said that the arts cannot flourish in a republic; and this is said, in the face of such examples as Athens and republican Rome. But why can they not? I ask. Want of patronage is the reason usually assigned; but let there be intelligence and refinement among any people, and the patronage of the arts must follow. And is it not safer thus to trust the encouragement of the arts to the intelligence and free competition of a whole people, than to a few individuals, kings or princes.

Would not a generous artist rather take an intelligent people for his patron, than a king? May not the fine arts, in this respect, be safely and advantageously subjected to the same ordeal as literature. We have wealth enough, we have intelligence in America, and I am willing to rely upon these for the inevitable consequence.

It would be sad, indeed, if the allegation were true, that the arts could not flourish in a republic. For it is precisely in a republic that they are wanted to complete the system of social influences. It is a mistake into which novices fall, to suppose that the arts are unfavorable to morality.

In fact, the fine arts have usually been the handmaids of virtue and religion. More than half of the great paintings in the world are illustrative of religious subjects; and embracing mythology in this account, more than half of the statues are of the same character.

And to refer to kindred arts—architecture, too, has built its noblest structures for religion, and music has composed its sublimest strains for the sanctuary. Genius, indeed—that inspiration from Heaven—has always shown its descent from above, by this direction of its labors.

The introduction of the arts into our countrry, then, is not to be dreaded on the score of morality. Is it not on every account greatly to be desired? The most material deficiency among us, perhaps—next to the want of virtue—is likely to be the want of refinement. There is need among us of objects that kindle up admiration and enthusiasm, that awaken the sense of delight and wonder, that break up the habits of petty calculation and sordid interest, and breathe a liberal and generous soul into the people; and this need the arts would supply.

The Author of nature has shown that it was not beneath his care to provide for the gratification of sentiments, precisely similar to those which are addressed by the arts. The world, composed of hill and dale, mountain and valley; not one boundless ploughed field to yield food; dressed in gay and bright liveries, not in one sober-suited color; filled with the music of its streams and groves, not doomed to endless monotony or everlasting silence: such a world, the dwelling place of nations, the school of their discipline, the temple of their worship, plainly shows that they were not destined to be pupils of cold and stern utility alone, but of many and diversified influences; of gracefulness, of elegance, of beneficence, beauty, and sublimity.

LESSON LI.

HAFED'S DREAM.

At the foot of one of those gigantic mountains in Asia, which lift up their heads so far above the clouds that the eye of man never saw their summits, stood a beautiful cottage, facing the east. The mountain stream leaped and murmured on the north; the verdant plain, where the bright-eyed gazelle sported, lay spread out in front; the garden and the olive-yard, filled with every flower and every fruit which an oriental sun could pencil and ripen, lay on the south; while back, on the west, rose the everlasting mountain.

Here were walks, and shades, and fruits, such as were found no where else. The sun shone upon no spot more luxuriant; the moonbeams struggled to enter no place more delightful; and the soft wings of the breezes of evening fanned no such abode in all the east.

The howl of the wolf was never heard here; the sly fox never came here to destroy; and here the serpent's hiss was never heard. This cottage was the home of Hafed, the aged and the prosperous. He reared this cottage; he adorned this spot; and here, for more than fourscore years, he had lived and studied.

During all this time, the sun had never forgotten to visit him daily: the harvest had never failed, the pestilence had never destroyed, and the mountain stream had never dried up. The wife of his youth still lived

to cheer and bless him; and his son and daughter were such as were not to be found in all that Province.

No youth could rein the horse, hurl the javelin, chase the lion, or delight the social circle, like this son. No daughter of kings could be found so beautiful and perfect, as was this daughter, with an eye so bright and joyous, and a form so symmetrical, as hers. But who can insure earthly happiness? In one short week, Hafed was stripped of all his joys. His wife went to see a new white peacock, which it was said a neighbor, who lived a mile off in the ravine, had just brought home. She took cold, and a quick fever followed; and on her return, Hafed saw that she must die.

Before two days were gone, the old man was standing at her open grave. He gazed long, and said impatiently—"Cover her,—cover the only woman that I ever loved!" The son and daughter had returned from the burial of their mother, fatigued and sick. The nurse gave them, as she thought, a simple medicine. In a few hours, it was found to be poison. Hafed saw that they must die; for the laws of nature are fixed, and poison kills. He buried them in one wide, deep grave, and it seemed as if in that grave he buried his reason and his religion. He tore his gray hair,—he cursed the light of day, and wished the moon turned into blood; and above all, declared that the laws which God had established were all wrong, useless, and worse than none.

He wished the world were governed by chance; but, as this was a hopeless wish, he wished that at his death he might go to a world where there was no God *to fix* unalterable laws. He arraigned the wisdom of

God in his government over this world, declaring that his plans were worse than none, and that it would be far better to have no God in the universe! In the centre of Hafed's garden stood a large, beautiful palm-tree. Under it was Hafed sitting, the second evening after closing the grave over his children. The seat on which he sat had been reared by his son. On the leaf of the tree which lay before him, were some exquisite verses, written by the pencil of his daughter.

Before him lay the beautiful country, covered with green, sprinkled here and there, as far as the eye could see, with the habitations of men; and upon this great landscape the shadows of the mighty mountains were now setting. In the east, the moon was just pushing up her modest face, and the gold of day was softening into the silver of night. While Hafed looked on all this, grief began to swell in his throat; his tongue murmured; his heart was full of hard thoughts of God. As the night deepened, Hafed, as he then thought, fell asleep with a heavy heart. When he supposed he awoke, it was in a new spot. The mountain, the landscape, the home, were all gone. All was new.

As he stood wondering where he was, he saw a creature approaching him, which, at first, he mistook for a baboon; but, on its coming near, he discovered that it was a creature somewhat resembling a man, but every way mal-formed, ill-shaped, and monstrous. He came up and walked around Hafed, as he would a superior being, exclaiming, "Beautiful, beautiful creature!" "Shame, shame on thee!" said Hafed; "dost thou treat a stranger thus with insults? Leave off thy jests,

and tell me where I am, and how I came here?" "I do not know how you came here, but here you are, in our world, which we call *chance-world*, because every thing happens here by chance."

"Ah! is it so? This must be delightful! This is just the world for me. Oh! had I always lived here, my beautiful children would not have died under an inexorable law! Come, show me this world,—for I long to see it. But have ye really no God, nor any one to make laws and govern you just as he sees fit?" "I don't know what you mean by God: we have nothing of that kind here,—nothing but chance; but go with me, and you will understand all about it." As they proceeded, Hafed began to notice that every thing looked queer and odd. Some of the grass was green, some red, some white, some new, and some dying; some grew with the top downward: all kinds were mingled together; and on the whole, the sight was very painful.

He stopped to examine an orchard; here chance had been at work. On a fine looking apple tree, he saw no fruit but large, coarse cucumbers. A small peach tree was breaking down under its load of gourds. The guide told Hafed that there was no certainty about these trees; and you could never tell what fruit a tree would happen to bear. The tree which this year bears cucumbers, may bear potatoes next year.

LESSON LII.

HAFED'S DREAM.—[CONTINUED.]

THEY soon met another of the "chance men." His legs were very unequal in length; one had no knee, and the other no ankle. His ears were set upon his shoulders, and around his head was a thick, black bandage. He came groping his way, and Hafed at once asked him how long since he had lost his sight. "I have not lost it," said he; "but when I was born, my eyeballs happened to be turned in instead of out, and the back parts, being outward, are very painful in the light, and so I put on a covering. "Well, but canst thou see any thing? Methinks thou mayest see strange things within." "True, but the difficulty is to get any light in there. Yet I am as well off as others. My brother has one good eye on the top of his head; but he only looks directly up with it to the clouds; and the sun almost puts it out. He shuts it most of the time during the day; but it happens to be one of those eyes that will stay shut.

They stopped to look at some "chance cattle" in a yard. Some had but three legs; some had the head on the wrong part of the body; some were covered with wool, under which they were sweltering in a climate always tropical. Some were half horse and half ox. One cow had a young dwarf of a camel following her, and claiming her as his mother. Young elephants were there with the flocks of sheep; horses with claws like a lion, and geese clamping round the

yard with hoofs like horses. It was all the work of chance. Just as they were leaving the premises, the owner came out, to admire, and show, and talk over his treasures. "Don't think I am a happy man," said he to Hafed, "in having so many and such perfect animals. Alas! even in this happy and perfect world, there are drawbacks. That fine looking cow yonder happens to give nothing but warm water for milk; and her calf, poor thing, died the first week. Some of them have good-looking eyes, but from some defect are stone blind. Some cannot live in the light, and few of them can hear. No two eat the same food, and it is a great labor to take care of them."

While they were talking, in an instant, they were in midnight darkness. The sun was gone, and Hafed could not for some time see his guide. "What has happened?" said he. "Oh! nothing uncommon," said the guide. "The sun happened to go down now. There is no regular time for him to shine; but he goes and comes just as it happens. Sometimes he is gone for months, and sometimes for weeks, and sometimes only for a few minutes, just as it happens. We may not see him again for months, but perhaps he will come soon."

As the guide was proceeding, to the inexpressible joy of all, the sun at once broke out. The light was so sudden, that Hafed at first thought he must be struck with lightning, and actually put his hands up to his eyes, to see if they were safe. He then clapped his hands over his eyes, till he could gradually bear the light. There was a splendor about the sun which he had never before seen; and it was intolerably hot.

The air seemed like a furnace. "Ah!" said the owner of the cattle, "we must now scorch for it. My poor wool-ox must die at once! Bad luck, bad luck to us! The sun has come back much nearer than he was before. But we hope he will happen to go away again soon, and then happen to come back further off the next time."

The sun was now pouring down his heat so intensely, that they were glad to go into the house for shelter—a miserable looking place indeed. Hafed could not but compare it with his own beautiful cottage. They invited Hafed to eat. On sitting down at table, he noticed that each one had a different kind of food, and that no two could eat out of the same dish. He was told that it so happened, that the food which one could eat, was poison to another, and what was agreeable to one, was nauseating to another. Hafed rose from the table in anguish of spirit. He remembered the world where he had lived, and all that was past. He had desired to live in a world where there was no God—where all was governed by chance, so far as there was any thing that looked like government. Here he was, and here he must live.

He threw himself on a bed, and recalled the past—the beautiful world in which he had once lived; his ingratitude—his murmurings against the wisdom and the goodness of God. He wept like infancy. He would have prayed, and even began a prayer; but then he recollected that there was no God here—nothing to direct events—nothing but chance. He shed many and bitter tears of repentance. At last he wept himself asleep. When Hafed again awoke, he was

sitting under his palm tree in his own beautiful garden. It was morning. At the appointed moment, the glorious sun rose up in the east; the fields were all green and fresh; the trees were all right end upwards, and covered with blossoms; the beautiful deer were bounding, in their gladness, over the lawn; and the songsters in the trees, which, in plumage and sweetness, might have vied with those that sang in Eden, were uttering their morning song.

Hafed arose,—recalled that ugly dream, and then wept for joy. Was he again in a world where chance does not reign? He looked up, and then turned to the God of heaven and earth—the God of laws and of order. He gave glory to him, and confessed that his ways, to us unsearchable, are full of wisdom. He was a new man. Tears, indeed, fell at the graves of his family; but he now lived to do good to men, and to make others happy. He called a young and worthy couple, distant relatives, to fill his house. His home again smiled, and peace and contentment came back, and were his abiding guests.

LESSON LIII.

THE CHEROKEEE'S LAMENT.

O, soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,
  And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;
And night o'er the far distant forest is bending,
  Like the storm-spirit, dark, o'er the tremulous main;
But midnight enshrouds my lone heart in its dwelling,
A tumult of wo in my bosom is swelling,
And a tear, unbefitting the warrior, is telling
  That Hope has abandoned the brave Cherokee!

Can a tree that is torn from its root by the fountain,
  The pride of the valley, green-spreading and fair,
Can it flourish, removed to the rock of the mountain,
  Unwarmed by the sun, and unwatered by care?
Though Vesper be kind her sweet dews in bestowing,
No life-giving brook in its shadow is flowing,
And when the chill winds of the desert are blowing,
  So droops the transplanted and lone Cherokee!

Loved graves of my sires! have I left you forever?
  How melted my heart, when I bade you adieu!
Shall joy light the face of the Indian?—ah, never!
  While memory sad has the power to renew;
As flies the fleet deer when the blood-hound is started,
So fled winged Hope from the poor broken-hearted;
O, could she have turned, ere for ever departed,
  And beckoned with smiles to her sad Cherokee!

Great Spirit of Good, whose abode is the heaven,
  Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky,
Wilt thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
  Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?
O'er the ruins of home, o'er my heart's desolation,
No more shalt thou hear my unblest lamentation;
For death's dark encounter I make preparation,
  He hears the last groan of the wild Cherokee!

LESSON LIV.

A GHOST STORY.

I HAD heard, in my youth, as I presume most of my readers have done, the usual quantity of marvellous tales of ghosts, and witches, and spirits; nestled closer towards the others in the room, when the fearful tale was telling—hardly dared to go to bed after it was finished—and when there, covered my head closely with the bed-clothes, for fear some awful spectacle would blast my eye-sight, and lay shivering and trembling for very terror, until sleep furnished the welcome relief. These tales had a wonderful effect upon my imagination, and made me very timid when alone, especially at night.

I have had the usual experience, too, of fancying apparitions from the moonbeams falling upon the wall, my clothes hanging upon the chair, or any other thing which a little light and a great deal of imagination *could readily* convert into the semblance of a spirit.

But as I always had a proneness to investigate every thing, these appearances, upon examination, of course were satisfactorily accounted for; but many times I have made the examination when absolutely shivering with fear. Several such false alarms rather tended to restore my courage, and to convince me that spiritual apparitions were not quite as common as I had supposed.

When I was about fifteen years of age, I was low in health, and my nervous system was greatly deranged, requiring some care and change of scene to restore the tone of my physical frame. My father sent me to reside with an aged clergyman of a small parish in a quiet and secluded town in Connecticut.

I occupied a small and neat bed-room, the bed in which was hung with curtains of dark calico; and the whole room and furniture had a somewhat sombre and antique air, in perfect keeping with the house, the place, and the owner.

One night I awoke, and found myself lying on my back; and saw, sitting upon the side of the bed and just at the parting of the curtains, in a line between my eyes and the window, a very aged man. The spectacle struck me with some surprise at first, but no dread. I could see distinctly the bed-curtains, the furniture of the room, the old bureau of dark wood with its filigree-work, brass handles, my own clothes hanging on a chair, the window, and the stars shining through it, and that figure sitting upon the side of my bed. Every thing was well known and familiar, except the figure.

That was the figure of a very old man, clad in a Quaker garb, with a rusty broad-brimmed hat upon his head; rusty and threadbare suit of grey clothes, as if they had been much worn; large buttons upon his coat; a vest, with broad and wide flaps; small clothes upon his spindle legs, with large, old-fashioned buckles at the knees, which I could see just at the edge of the bed, below which his feet hung down out of sight.

I did not at first pay much attention to his face. Soon my eyes were attracted to that, when I perceived it was deeply wrinkled and ashy pale, with a beard of long, thin, white hair, which hung quite down to his bosom in straggling, snowy locks.

The eye was white, and lustreless, and immoveable, and was fixed upon me with a dead, stony gaze, but wholly devoid of vitality or expression. There was no movement of muscle, limb, or feature, but there seemed to be a fascination in that gaze, which riveted my own sight without the power of withdrawing it. Soon a sensation of fear began to creep over me, which by degrees amounted to terror and the very agony of horror. The blood absolutely froze in my veins, and I could feel my hair rising on end, while great drops of sweat stood on my forehead, and a sense of suffocation and dread pervaded my whole frame. The same stony gaze was riveted upon me, looking directly into my own eyes, which I could not remove from the revolting object.

I strove to breathe, speak, shout, raise my hand, or move my eyes. I seemed to struggle, but all in vain, while a breathless horror grew more and more oppressive. At length, in the violence of effort, I succeeded

in moving a limb, when the figure, without changing its position, without motion, and with the same look, posture, and attitude, gradually but rapidly grew thinner and more shadowy, until I could see the mere outline and the very stars through it, when it completely vanished — vanished into thin air, and nothing was visible but the familiar furniture of the room. The oppression and terror of feeling gradually disappeared, also; but it was long before I could compose myself to reflect rationally upon what I had seen.

I soon, however, became satisfied I had evidently been laboring under the influence of nightmare, when I was either actually awake, or when my dream had supplied all the well known objects, and imagination had conjured up this as one of the hideous visions of such disease. As soon as the paroxysm passed off, and the stagnant blood began again to flow, the terrible vision vanished. This is my ghost story, and it has satisfied me of the true theory of supernatural apparitions.

If I was a philosopher, I should urge that these visions were conjured up by physical disease, and that the disease itself accounts for the sensation of horror and dread attending the apparition. But I am no philosopher, and shall leave others to draw their own inferences. I have only related a simple and veritable fact which occurred to myself. I have seen no ghosts since, and fear none, except as they are harbingers or rather attendants upon a disease, which is at all times distressing, and doubtless sometimes fatal. I have related the tale to dispel, if possible, the idle terrors of supernatural apparitions, as unfounded in reason, philosophy, and religion.

LESSON LV.

ASTRONOMY.

It was a pleasant evening in the month of May; and my sweet child and I had sauntered up to the castle's top to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament, that glowed and sparkled with unusual lustre from pole to pole.

The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state for vision; the milky way was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant or distant and faint, lent its lambent light or twinkling ray to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere; while the round, bright moon seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air; or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radient face, as if to court and return our gaze.

We amused ourselves for some time, in observing through a telescope the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty with his squadron of satellites along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars; and admired the felicity of that design, by which those distant bodies had been parceled out and arranged into constellations; so as to have served not only for beacons to the ancient navigators, but, as it were, for landmarks to astronomers at this day; enabling them, though in different countries, to indicate to each other with ease the place and motion of those planets, comets and magnificent meteors, which inhabit, revolve, and *play* in the intermediate space.

We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; on that series of astonishing discoveries through successive ages, which display, in so strong a light, the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries, which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend—that thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers approve; that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes glittering on the same concave surface, are, nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, like him, with original and not reflected light, placed at incalculable distances asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around the sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars which our eyes discern in the firmament, or which the telescope has brought within the sphere of our vision, but, according to the modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars, whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with a velocity a million times greater than that of a cannon ball; that those luminous appearances, which we observe in the firmament, like flakes of thin, white cloud, are windows, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thou-

sands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them; and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings.

One would think that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprise of the human imagination. But what an accession of glory and magnificence does Dr. Herschell superadd to it, when, instead of supposing all those suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns themselves from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, and imagines them, thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander, unknown centre, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—and when, carrying on the process, you suppose even that centre itself not stationary, but also counterpoised by other masses in the immensity of spaces, with which, attended by their accumulated trains of

> "Planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
> Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,"

it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding, in its vast career, some other centre still more remote and stupendous, which in its turn—

"You overwhelm me," cried my daughter, as I was laboring to pursue the immense concatenation;—"my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wing."

"Yet there is a point, my dear—the throne of the Most High. Imagine *that* the ultimate centre, to which

this vast and inconceivably magnificent and august apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. Oh! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be, and probably is, the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole, and take in, at one glance, all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, in which those vast globes, as they roll on in their respective orbits, continually hymn their great Creator's praise!"

LESSON LVI.

URSA MAJOR.

With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way amongst the stars, in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee, on thy glowing path,
Walk, like some stout and girded giant—stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds

Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the north forever know its place.
Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging.

Ages have rolled their course, and time grown gray
The earth has gathered to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her uncounted, unremembered tribes.
The seas have changed their beds; the eternal hills
Have stooped with age; the solid continents
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which have flun
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,
As if immortal — have been swept away —
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strengt
And beauty still are thine.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—
Has issued from those dazzling points, through year
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
Left their fair fountain twice three years ago.
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips

The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And in the extremes of annual change, beheld
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!
So vast the void through which their beams descend!

And these are suns!—vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!
Worlds, in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs, as, from your throne,
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway—What beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak! speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold!

LESSON LVII.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

WILD was the day; the wintry sea
  Moaned sadly on New-England's strand,
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
  Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
  With years, should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright,
  How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays; but greener still
  Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
  With reverence when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
  Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the pilgrim sires
  This hallowed day like us shall keep.

LESSON LVIII.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

If Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its influence. It was the fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex as starched pedantry, or vain pretension; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant homilies read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. "Most women had no character at all, beyond that of purity and devotion to their families. Admirable as are these qualities, it seemed an abuse of the gifts of Providence to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and infirmity the consolation of studies, which elevate the soul, and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

These things have, in a great measure, passed away The prejudices which dishonored the sex, have yielded

to the influence of truth. By slow but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread, lest the culture of science should foster that masculine boldness and restless independence, which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies. We have seen that here, as every where else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature adds lustre to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its purity. There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush even at the suspicion of that ignorance, which, a half century ago, was neither uncommon nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is in a great measure within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of fashion.

A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity or modesty. Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals or allies in almost every department of knowledge; and they are to be found among those whose elegance of manners and blamelessness of life command his respect, as much as their talents excite

his admiration. Who is there that does not contemplate with enthusiasm the precious fragments of Elizabeth Smith, the venerable learning of Elizabeth Carter, the elevated piety of Hannah More, the persuasive sense of Mrs. Barbauld, the elegant memoirs of her accomplished niece, the bewitching fiction of Madame D'Arblay, the vivid, picturesque and terrific imagery of Mrs. Radcliffe, the glowing poetry of Mrs. Hemans, the matchless wit, the inexhaustible conversations, the fine character painting, the practical instructions of Miss Edgeworth.

LESSON LIX.

NIGHT IN EDEN.

'Twas moonlight in Eden! Such moonlight, I ween,
As never again on this earth shall be seen,—
So soft fell the radiance,—so wondrously blue
Was the sky, with its star-enthroned angels in view!

How bright was the bower where the fair-fingered Eve,
The blossoming garlands delighted to weave;
While the rose caught its blush from her cheek's living dye.
And the violet its hue from her love-lighted eye.

There, lulled by the murmurs of musical streams,
And charmed by the rainbow-winged spirit of dreams,—
The eyes softly closed that so soon were to weep,—
Our parents reposed in a bliss-haunted sleep.

But other forms gazed on the grandeur of night,
And beings celestial grew glad at the sight;
All warm from the glow of their amber-hued skies;
How strange seemed the shadows of earth to their eyes!

There, azure-robed beauty, with rapture-lit smile,
Her golden wings folded, reclined for a while;
And the Seraph of Melody breathed but a word,
Then listened entranced at the echoes she heard.

From mountain and forest an organ-like tone,
From hill-top and valley a mellower one;
Stream, fountain, and fall, whispered low to the sod,
For the word that she spoke was the name of our God!

With blushes like Eden's own rose in its bloom,
Her censer slow wafting ambrosial perfume,—
With soft-veiling tresses of sunny-hued hair,
The spirit of fragrance breathed sweet on the air.

Then first on the ears of the angels of light,
Rose the singing of birds that enchanted the night,—
For the breezes are minstrels in Heaven, they say,
And the leaves and the flowers have a musical play

Each form of creation with joy was surveyed,
From the gentle gazelle to the kings of the glade;
And lily-crowned Innocence gazed in the eyes
Of the thunder-voiced lion, with smiling surprise

All night, as if stars were deserting their posts,
The heavens were bright with the swift-coming hosts.
While the sentinel mountains, in garments of green,
With glory-decked foreheads, like monarchs were seen

O Eden, fair Eden! where now is thy bloom?
And where are the pure ones that wept o'er thy doom?
Their plumes never lighten our shadowy skies,
Their voices no more on earth's breezes arise.

But joy for the faith that is strong in its powers,—
A fairer and better land yet shall be ours;
When Sin shall be vanquished, and Death yield his prey,
And earth with her nations Jehovah obey.

Then, nobler than Adam,—more charming than Eve,—
The Son of the Highest his palace shall leave,—
While the saints who adored Him arise from the tomb,
At the triumph-strain, telling "His Kingdom is come!"

LESSON LX.

GREENOUGH'S WASHINGTON.

The quarry whence thy form majestic sprung
  Has peopled earth with grace,
Heroes and gods that elder bards have sung,
  A bright and peerless race;
But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose before
  A shape of loftier name
Than his, who glory's name with meekness wore,
  The noblest son of fame.
Sheathed is the sword that passion never stain'd,
  His gaze around is cast,
As if the joys of freedom newly-gained
  Before his vision pass'd;
As if a nation's shout of love and pride
  With music fill'd the air,
And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
  Of deep and grateful prayer;
As if the crystal mirror of his life
  To fancy sweetly came,
With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
  Undimm'd by doubt or shame;
As if the lofty purpose of his soul
  Expression would betray —
The high resolve ambition to control
  And thrust her crown away?
O, it was well in marble firm and white
  To carve our hero's form,

Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
  Our star amid the storm!
And it is well to place his image there,
  Beneath the dome he blest;
Let meaner spirits who its councils share,
  Revere that silent guest!
Let us go up with high and sacred love
  To look on his pure brow,
And as with solemn grace he points above,
  Renew the patriot's vow!

LESSON LXI.

IMAGINARY DEDICATION OF A HEATHEN TEMPLE.

As we drew near to the lofty fabric, I thought that no scene of such various beauty and magnificence, had ever met my eye. The temple itself is a work of unrivaled art. In size, it surpasses any other building of the same kind in Rome, and for the excellence of workmanship, and purity of design, although it may fall below the standard of Hadrian's age, yet for a certain air of grandeur, and luxuriance of invention, in its details, and lavish profusion of embellishment in gold and silver, no temple nor other edifice of any preceding age, ever perhaps resembled it.

Its order is Corinthian, of the Roman form, and the entire building is surrounded by its slender columns, each composed of a single piece of marble. Upon the front is wrought Apollo surrounded by the Hours.

The western extremity is approached by a flight of steps, of the same breadth as the temple itself. At the eastern, there extends beyond the walls, to a distance equal to the length of the building, a marble platform, upon which stands the altar of sacrifice, and which is ascended by various flights of steps, some little more than a gently rising plain, up which the beasts are led that are destined to the altar.

When this vast extent of wall and column, of the most dazzling brightness, came into view, every where covered, together with the surrounding temples, palaces, and theatres, with a dense mass of human beings, of all climes and regions, dressed out in their richest attire,—music, from innumerable instruments, filling the heavens with harmony,—shouts of the proud and excited populace, every few moments, and from different points, as Aurelian advanced, shaking the air with its thrilling din,—the neighing of horses, the frequent blasts of the trumpet,—the whole made more solemnly imposing by the vast masses of cloud, which swept over the sky, now suddenly unveiling, and again eclipsing the sun, the great god of this idolatry, and from which few could withdraw their gaze; when, at once, this all broke upon my eye and ear, I was like a child who before had never seen aught but his own village, and his own rural temple, in the effect wrought upon me, and the passiveness with which I abandoned myself to the sway of the senses. Not one there was more ravished by the outward circumstances and show. I thought of Rome's thousand years, of her power, her greatness, and universal empire, and, for a moment, my step was not less proud than that of Aurelian.

But after that moment,—when the senses had had their fill, when the eye had seen the glory, and the ear had fed upon the harmony and the praise, then I thought and felt very differently; sorrow and compassion, for these gay multitudes, were in my heart; prophetic forebodings of disaster, danger, and ruin to those, to whose sacred cause I had linked myself, made my tongue to falter in its speech, and my limbs to tremble. I thought that the superstition, which was upheld by the wealth and the power, whose manifestations were before me, had its root in the very centre of the earth,—far too deep down, for a few, like myself, ever to reach them. I was like one whose last hope of life and escape, is suddenly struck away.

I was roused from these meditations, by our arrival at the eastern front of the temple. Between the two central columns, on a throne of gold and ivory, sat the emperor of the world, surrounded by the senate, the colleges of augurs and haruspices, and by the priests of the various temples of the capital, all in their peculiar costume. Then Fronto, the priest of the temple, when the crier had proclaimed that the hour of worship and sacrifice had come, and had commanded silence to be observed,—standing at the altar, glittering in his white and golden robes, like a messenger of light,—bared his head, and lifting his face up toward the sun, offered, in clear and sounding tones, the prayer of dedication.

As he came toward the close of his prayer, he, as is so usual, with loud and almost frantic cries, and importunate repetition, called upon the god to hear him, and then, with appropriate names and praises, invoked

the Father of gods and men, to be present and hear. Just as he had thus solemnly invoked Jupiter by name, and was about to call on the other gods in the same manner, the clouds, which had been deepening and darkening, suddenly obscured the sun; a distant peal of thunder rolled along the heavens, and, at the same moment, from the dark recesses of the temple, a voice of preternatural power came forth, proclaiming, so that the whole multitude heard the words—"God is but one; the King eternal, immortal, invisible!"

It is impossible to describe the horror that seized those multitudes. Many cried out with fear, and each seemed to shrink behind the other. Paleness sat upon every face. The priest paused, as if struck by a power from above. Even the brazen Fronto was appalled. Aurelian leaped from his seat, and by his countenance, white and awe-struck, showed that to him it came, as a voice from the gods. He spoke not, but stood gazing at the dark entrance into the temple, from which the sound had come. Fronto hastily approached him, and whispering but one word, as it were, into his ear, the emperor started; the spell that bound him, was dissolved; and recovering himself,—making, indeed, as though a very different feeling had possessed him,—cried out, in fierce tones, to his guards, "Search the temple! some miscreant, hid away among the columns, profanes thus the worship and the place. Seize him, and drag him forth to instant death!"

The guards of the emperor, and the servants of the temple, rushed in at that bidding. They soon emerged, saying that the search was fruitless. The temple, in all its aisles and apartments, was empty.

The heavens were again obscured by thick clouds, which, accumulating into dark masses, began now nearer and nearer to shoot forth lightning, and roll their thunders. The priest commenced the last office, prayer to the god to whom the new temple had been thus solemnly consecrated. He again bowed his head, and again lifted up his voice. But no sooner had he invoked the god of the temple, and besought his ear, than again, from its dark interior, the same awful sounds issued forth, this time saying, "Thy gods, O Rome, are false and lying gods; God is but one!"

Aurelian, pale as it seemed to me with superstitious fear, strove to shake it off, giving it, artfully and with violence, the appearance of offended dignity. His voice was a shriek, rather than a human utterance, as it cried out, "This is but a Christian device; search the temple, till the accursed Nazarene be found, and hew him piecemeal!—" More he would have said; but, at the instant, a bolt of lightning shot from the heavens, and lighting upon a large sycamore which shaded a part of the temple court, clove it in twain. The swollen cloud at the same moment burst, and a deluge of rain burst upon the city, the temple, the gazing multitudes, and the kindled altars. The sacred fires went out, in hissing darkness; a tempest of wind whirled the limbs of the slaughtered victims into the air, and abroad over the neighboring streets.

All was confusion, uproar, terror and dismay. The crowds sought safety in the houses of the nearest inhabitants, and the porches of the palaces. Aurelian and the senators, and those nearest him, fled to the *interior of* the temple. The heavens blazed with the

quick flashing of the lightning; and the temple itself seemed to rock beneath the voice of the thunder. I never knew in Rome so terrific a tempest. The stoutest trembled; for life hung by a thread. Great numbers, it has now been found, in every part of the capital, fell a prey to the fiery bolts. The capitol itself was struck, and the brass statue of Vespasian, in the forum, thrown down and partly melted. The Tiber, in a few hours, overran its banks, and laid much of the city and its borders under water.

LESSON LXII.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Streching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings; yet—the dead are there;

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LESSON LXIII.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THAT is undoubtedly the wisest and best regimen, which takes the infant from the cradle, and conducts him along, through childhood and youth, up to high maturity, in such a manner as to give strength to his arm, swiftness to his feet, solidity and amplitude to his muscles, symmetry to his frame, and expansion to his vital energies. It is obvious, that this branch of education comprehends, not only food and clothing, but air, exercise, lodging, early rising, and whatever else is requisite to the full development of the physical constitution. The diet must be simple, the apparel must not be too warm, nor the bed too soft.

Let parents beware of too much restriction in the management of their darling boy. Let him, in choosing his play, follow the suggestions of nature. Let them not be discomposed at the sight of his sand hills in the road, his snow forts in February, and his mud dams in April: nor when they chance to look out in the midst of an August shower, and see him wading, and sailing, and sporting along with the water fowl. If they would make him hardy and fearless, they must let him go abroad as often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, and amuse himself by the hour together, in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up all day with a stove, and graduating his sleeping room by Fahrenheit, they must let him face the keen edge of a north wind, when

the mercury is below cipher, and, instead of minding a little shivering and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him out again. In this way, they will teach him that he was not born to live in a nursery, nor to brood over the fire; but to range abroad, as free as the snow and the air, and to gain warmth from exercise.

I love and admire the youth who turns not back from the howling wintry blast, nor withers under the blaze of summer; who never magnifies "mole-hills into mountains;" but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake any thing that is prudent and lawful, within the range of possibility. Who would think of planting the mountain oak in a green-house? or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon in a lady's flower-pot? Who does not know, that, in order to attain their mighty strength and majestic forms, they must freely enjoy the rain and the sunshine, and must feel the rocking of the tempest?

LESSON LXIV.

TO A SISTER, ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON

GENTLY, sister! thy beauteous child
  Heeds not thy bitter weeping;
Not floods of tears, nor wailings wild,
  Can move his silent sleeping:
Like passing dream his spirit came,
And ere it burned, expired the flame.

How sadly now his brilliant eye
  With lifeless lid is shaded!
The death-drops on his forehead lie,
  His ruddy cheek,—how faded!
But yet a smile is on thy boy,
As erst it gave his mother joy.

Thy heart alone its anguish knows,
  Nor can thy grief be spoken;
That bitter moan too truly shows
  That "golden bowl" is broken!
Nor would I quell affection's grief,
For 'tis the soul's most sweet relief.

Yet listen, sister! while I lave
  The swelling tide of sorrow,
For rests thy babe within its grave
  Ere sets the sun to-morrow;
And then, no more its form we see,
Till death shall call for thee and me.

Hast heard it told, when infants smile
  In calm and tranquil slumbers,
That angels round them watch awhile,
  And chant their heavenly numbers?
'Tis said, that in their sleep they hear
Soft tones, unknown to other ear.

Then, sister! hear the silent voice
  Thine infant's smile is giving—
"O Mother! weep not, but rejoice;
  Thy child in heaven is living:
I ne'er again can come to thee,
But soon thou'lt come from earth to me."

LESSON LXV.

A FINISHED EDUCATION.

"WELL," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished!—indeed, it would be strange, if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete Happily, *that* is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to exercise my various accomplishments.

"Let me see!—As to *French*, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. *Italian* I can read with ease, and pronounce very well; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. *Music* I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now

that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practise a little;—the only thing, I think, that I need now improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which every body allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

"My *drawings* are universally admired,—especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my *dancing* and *waltzing*,—in which our master himself owned that he could take me no farther;—just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

"As to *common* things, *geography*, and *history*, and *poetry*, and *philosophy*,—thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed. Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through!—the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

SELECTIONS

FOR DECLAMATION OR RHETORICAL READING

LESSON LXVI.

OUR OBLIGATIONS AS CITIZENS.

LET the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for Independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But their remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us.

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great

interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects, which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid Monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration, forever!

LESSON LXVII.

AMES'S SPEECH ON THE BRITISH TREATY.

Mr. Speaker—If any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and *no treaty*, the settlers will remain in security? Can

they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm?

No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log house beyond the mountains.

I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security: your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again: in the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father — the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn field; you are a mother — the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings: it is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said, or can say, will be poor and frigid.

LESSON LXVIII.

AMES'S SPEECH.—[CONTINUED.]

WILL it be whispered, that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers. It is known, that my voice, as well as vote, have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say, that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny, that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects?

Have the principles, on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of the state-house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask—Can you put the dearest interest of society to hazard, without guilt, and without remorse?

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victim. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make; to the wretches that will be roasted at the

stake; to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none: experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness: it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture: already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

LESSON LXIX.

THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest eagle is king of the sky. [wreath,
From the crag-grasping fir-top where morn hangs its
He views the mad waters white writhing beneath. nr
A fitful red glaring, a rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm demon still raging afar;
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread,
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair:
The lightning darts zig-zag and fork'd thro' the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom;
The gray forest eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, or shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?
No, no the brave eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with a front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions he's up and away?
Away, O, away soars the fearless and free!
What recks he the skies' strife?—its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him, unwaver'd his flight;
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.

LESSON LXX.

INFLUENCE OF SUPERIOR MINDS.

It belongs to cultivated men to construct, and put in motion, and direct the complex machinery of civil society. Who originated these free institutions,—the arteries through which the life-blood of our country's prosperity circulates? Who built and rocked the cradle of American liberty, and guarded the infant angel, until she walked forth in the vigor of a glorious maturity? Whom do we welcome to the helm of state, when the storm of faction beats, or dark clouds hang about the heavens? Who speak, trumpet-tongued, to a nation's ear, in behalf of a nation's rights? Who hold the scales of equity, measuring out a portion both to the just and the unjust? Are they men who have been nursed in the lap of ignorance, or are they not rather your great and cultivated minds—your Franklins and Madisons, and Adamses and your Kents, and Spencers, and Storys? And then again, who framed that social system,—if system it could be called,—which exploded in the horrors of the French revolution; sporting with time-hallowed associations, and unsealing all the fountains of blood? Think you that ignorance was the presiding genius in that war of elements? Oh, no; the master spirits had many of them been known as standard bearers in the empire of letters; they partook at once of the strength of the angel, and the depravity of the fiend. And as it is in these opposite cases that I have mentioned, so it is always and

every where,—men with cultivated minds will ultimately have the power, whether they use it in the spirit of a lofty patriotism, or pervert it to do homage to faction, and tear society in pieces.

LESSON LXXI.

THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain.

Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang

on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this is eloquence.

LESSON LXXII.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

We come, a youthful, happy band,
  Rejoicing in our native land;
A rich inheritance we claim,
  Our fathers' deeds our fathers' fame.

In other lands, we read in story,
  Are kings, and thrones, but 'tis our glory
That we are free;—no tyrants frown
  We fear—no man who wears a crown!

In freedom's cause we'll bravely dare
  To climb the steeps of fame, and share
A nation's love—a priceless gem—
  Who wins it, wants no diadem!

THE SKATERS.

Away, away, with a curve and a dash,
  A light and a bounding spring,
For the racing steed and the lightning's flash,
  Only vie with the skater's fling.

Then away o'er the plain of the glassy stream,
  Will I speed in my airy flight,
And I'll laugh at the car with its hissing steam,
  And spurn at its boasted might.

Now away do I skim o'er the slippery field,
  Like a bird in the calm blue sky,
And declare to the winds that I never will yield,
  As I proudly go dashing by.

LESSON LXXIII.

SCOTLAND.

Scotland!—There is magic in the sound. Statesmen—scholars—divines—heroes and poets—do you want exemplars worthy of study and imitation? Where will you find them brighter than in Scotland? Where can you find them purer than in Scotland? Here no Solon, indulging imagination, has pictured the perfectibility of man. No Lycurgus, viewing him through the medium of human frailty alone, has left for his government an iron code graven on eternal adamant. No Plato, dreaming in the luxurious gardens of the

Academy, has fancied what he should be, and bequeathed a republic of love. But sages, knowing their weakness, have appealed to his understanding, cherished his virtues, and chastised his vices.

Friends of learning! would you do homage at the shrine of literature? Would you visit her clearest founts?—Go to Scotland. Are you philosophers, seeking to explore the hidden mysteries of mind?—Bend to the genius of Stewart! Student, merchant, or mechanic, do you seek usefulness?—Consult the pages of Black and of Adam Smith. Grave barrister! would you know the law—the true, the sole expression of the people's will?—There stands the mighty Mansfield!

LESSON LXXIV.

JACK HALYARD'S SPEECH.

Young men, Americans, far from you be that mean spirit, which is satisfied with half-way excellence. Strive to gain the highest badge of honor for yourselves, and for your country. Be greatly good. Now is the time to store your minds with knowledge, and form your hearts to virtue. It is the condition of our being, that all which is most valuable is to be diligently sought. They who would win the prize, must exert themselves earnestly in the race, and not fall back, nor turn aside for small obstacles.

Young men of America, can you be ignorant of the high duties to which you are called? Will you pass

away the prime of your days in careless indolence, and cheat the hopes of your friends? Can you be contented to crawl through the world with infamy, and die without doing any thing worthy of your character as men?

My young countrymen,—your lot is cast in a land where empire is built on truth and justice; where the rights of man are cherished: you are to follow where a Washington has led, and where victory can gain no laurels in a bad cause.

LESSON LXXV.

THE LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire—an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished for ever. Her moldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national

pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age as not far distant when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man: I am an American.

LESSON LXXVI.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

PALE was the hue of his faded cheek,
As it leaned on his cold damp pillow;
And deep the heave of his troubled breast,
As the lift of the ocean billow:
For he thought of the days when his restless foot
Through the pathless forest bounded,
And the festive throng by the hunting-fire,
Where the chase song joyously sounded.

He had stood in the deadly ambuscade,
While his warriors were falling around him;
He had stood unmoved at the torturing stake,
Where the foe in his wrath had bound him;
He had mocked at pain in every form—
Had joyed in the post of danger;
But his spirit was crushed by the dungeon's gloom,
And the chain of the ruthless stranger.

LESSON LXXVII.

EXORDIUM OF A SPEECH

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New-England history.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The aasassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure,

till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe! Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe.

A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, and every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it.

He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it

conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide — and suicide is confession.

LESSON LXXVIII.

EULOGY ON HAMILTON.

He was born to be great. Whoever was second, Hamilton must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult — no subject presented which he did not illuminate. Superiority in some particular, belongs to thousands. Preeminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was the prerogative of Hamilton. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself. When a cause of new magnitude required new exertions, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he roused, he agitated; alternately gentle as the dews, and awful as the thunder. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the

eyes of those with whom he was most conversant. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance: but Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest lustre. Frankness, suavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. And to his family!—but he is gone.—That noble heart beats no more: that eye of fire is dimmed; and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the serenest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb!

LESSON LXXIX.

UNION—LIBERTY.

HAIL, our country's natal morn,
Hail, our spreading kindred born,
Hail, thou banner not yet torn,
    Waving o'er the free!
While, this day in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot song,
Shall not we thy notes prolong,
    Hallowed Jubilee?

Who would sever freedom's shrine?
Who should draw the invidious line?—
Though by birth, one spot be mine,
    Dear is all the rest:

Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear, the central Mountain band,
Dear, New-England's rocky strand
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars, pure and free,
By our Law's deep rooted tree,
By the past's dread memory,
By our Washington;
By our common parent tongue,
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young,
By the tie of country strong,—
We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages! must ye droop again?
MAKER! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
"Union — Liberty."

LESSON LXXX.

PROLOGUE.

Dear friends, we thank you for your condescension,
In deigning thus to lend us your attention;
And hope the various pieces we recite,
(Boys though we are,) will yield you some delight.

From wisdom and from knowledge, pleasure springs,
Surpassing far the glaring pomp of kings;
All outward splendor quickly dies away,
But wisdom's honors never can decay.

Blest is the man, who treads her paths in youth,
They lead to virtue, happiness, and truth;—
Sages and patriots in these ways have trod;
Saints have walked in them till they reached their God.

The powers of eloquence can charm the soul,
Inspire the virtuous, and the bad control;
Can rouse the passions, or their rage can still,
And mold a stubborn mob to one man's will.

Such powers the great Demosthenes attained,
Who haughty Philip's conquering course restrained;
Indignant thundering at his country's shame,
Till every breast in Athens caught the flame.

Such powers were Cicero's:—with patriot might,
He dragged the lurking treason forth to light,
Which long had festered in the heart of Rome,
And saved his country from her threatened doom.

Nor to the senate or the bar confined,
The pulpit shows its influence o'er the mind;
Such glorious deeds can eloquence achieve;
Such fame, such deathless laurels, it can give.

Then say not this our weak attempt is vain,
For frequent practice will perfection gain;
The fear to speak in public it destroys,
And drives away the bashfulness of boys.

EPILOGUE.

Our parts are perform'd and our speeches are ended,—
We are monarchs, and courtiers, and heroes no more;
To a much humbler station again we've descended,
And are now but the schoolboys you've known us before.

Farewell then our greatness—'tis gone like a dream,
'Tis gone—but remembrance will often retrace
The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,
And the heart-cheering smiles that enlivened each face.

We thank you!—Our gratitude words cannot tell,
But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs;
With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,
And our feelings now thank you much more than our tongues.

We will strive to improve, since applauses thus cheer us,
That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks;
And we hope to convince you the next time you hear us,
That praise has but sharpen'd our relish for books.

LESSON LXXXI.

WE MUST FIGHT.

I HAVE but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Lut us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. We have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we

have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight!— I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

LESSON LXXXII.

ONE CENTURY AFTER WASHINGTON.

GENTLEMEN, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence, and human freedom, more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders! and of both he is the chief.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his *birth*, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the

extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era.

It has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

LESSON LXXXIII.

ODE TO ART.

When, from the sacred garden driven,
  Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
  And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
T'was Art! Sweet Art! new radience broke,
  Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,—
  "The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
  Where noontide sunbeams never blazed;
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
  And nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
  At Art's command, are to him given;
The village grows, the city springs,
  And point their spires of faith to heaven.

In fields of air he writes his name,
  And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
  That quivers round the throne on high.

LESSON LXXXIV.

TO THE CONDOR.

Wondrous, majestic bird! whose mighty wing
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring—
  Nor on earth's silent breast,—
Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high,
And sweep the azure bosom of the sky,—
  Chooses its place of rest.

Proud nursling of the tempest, where repose
Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close?
  In what far clime of night
Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone,—
While round thee swell of life no kindred tone,—
  Suspend thy tireless flight?

The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare;
No foot of man hath ever rested there;—
Yet 'tis thy sport to soar
Far o'er its frowning summit;—and the plain
Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,
Or the green sea-beat shore.

The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has marked;—thy glorious path of light on high
Is trackless and unknown;
The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,
Thou art, with him, alone.

Imperial wanderer! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,
Are never felt by thee!—
Beyond the bolt,—beyond the lightning's gleam,
Basking forever in the unclouded beam,—
Thy home immensity!

And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where heaven's own glories shine,
And scorn the tempest's power;—
Yet meaner cares oppress its drooping wings;
Still to earth's joys the sky-born wanderer clings,—
Those pageants of an hour!

LESSON LXXXV.

SELF-INSTRUCTION.

1. SELF-CULTURE has called forth the hidden energies of the soul and fitted its votaries to become the pillars and bulwarks of society. It has taught them that man is not a "leaning willow," but a being "noble in reason and infinite in faculties;" that he must not rely wholly on foreign aid, but must task his own powers, and be able fully to measure his own abilities. This resolute spirit, though latent, can, when fanned into a flame, lead him through every trying emergency, and teach him to remove obstacle after obstacle, till the path lies open to the goal of his ambition, the proudest pinnacle of science.

2. In taking a survey of the master-spirits that have at different periods swayed the world, we find the most prominent among them to be those who have risen by their own exertions, and overcome all opposition with their own hands; men who have emerged from obscurity, and by dint of unremitting labor passed every milestone on the high-road to wisdom; men who, deprived of all *outward* aid, have turned *inward* to their own understandings, and found a *teacher* there: a teacher who continually urged them "onward and upward," until the aspirations of that mind which God has made immortal, have impelled them forward to their high and honorable destiny. And *all* have this teacher, this quenchless spirit, and *might have* this same unconquerable resolution.

3. *Poor-men* might, did they choose it, become

KINGS, not of a state or empire, but of the broad dominions of the world of intelligence; they might grasp the sceptre of knowledge and reign in prouder state than does the monarch in his jewelled robes and glittering tiara; for, what diadem so priceless as that of wisdom? They might search the pages of ancient lore, and win many a gem to sparkle in that crown, of which the proudest kings of earth might still be prouder.

4. A life of luxury induces sloth, dims the mental perceptions, and enervates a frame naturally vigorous; while the senses, sharpened by privation, are rendered better capable of deep reflection, and the eye of the soul becomes expanded till its piercing vision can gaze undimmed upon the sparkling treasures of intellect. Learning delights to visit the hut of the backwoodsman as well as the lofty mansion of the citizen; all may drink, yet still her unfailing fountain will be ever full: How sweet is the reward of that mind which can say, "I have been my own teacher."

5. How much more enjoyment does it know than he who, having all the advantages which learning could bestow, has cast them lightly aside and refused instruction. It feels that the knowledge it has gained is its *own*, by a right which none can either question or take away. And it knows that the treasures it may have acquired can never be lost or perverted to ignoble purposes, because being obliged to *toil* for them, it has learned to estimate them at their real value. As no theory can be sustained without illustration, I will point out one from among the mass of numerous instances in which men have risen, by their own exertions, to fill exalted stations in the world of letters—

the self-educated Franklin, the Father of American Science.

6. When a rough, awkward boy, the Governor of New-York, having heard of his uncommon abilities, sent for him in order to test his acquirements, thinking, no doubt, with a very short line, to sound the mind of the untutored "Yankee." In the course of conversation the youthful Franklin quoted Locke, at which the astonished lawgiver started back in amazement. "Locke! and pray, sir, where did you study Locke?" "At home, in a tallow chandler's shop," was the answer. The same persevering spirit which led him to search the secrets of philosophy impelled him forward until science gave into his hand the keys of her power, and "the lightning played harmless at his feet."

LESSON LXXXVI.

WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION.

The hour now approached, in which it became necessary for the American chief to take leave of his officers, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. This was done in a solemn manner. The officers having previously assembled for the purpose, General Washington joined them, and "with a heart full of love and gratitude, said, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

"I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being next, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. Not a word was articulated on either side. A majestic silence prevailed. The tear of sensibility glistened in every eye. The tenderness of the scene exceeded all description. When the last of the officers had taken his leave, Washington left the room, and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation. The officers followed in a solemn, mute procession, with dejected countenances. On his entering the barge to cross the North River, he turned towards the companions of his glory, and, by waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. Some of them answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears; and all of them gazed upon the barge, which conveyed him from their sight, till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander-in-chief.

The army being disbanded, Washington proceeded to Annapolis, then the seat of congress, to resign his commission. On his way thither, he, of his own accord, delivered to the comptroller of accounts in Philadelphia, an account of the expenditure of all the public money he had ever received. This was in his own hand-writing, and every entry was made in a very particular manner.

After accounting for all his expenditures of public money, with all the exactness which established forms

required from the inferior officers of his army, he hastened to resign into the hands of the fathers of his country the powers with which they had invested him. This was done in a public audience. Congress received him as the founder and guardian of the republic. While he appeared before them, they silently retraced the scenes of danger and distress, through which they had passed together. They recalled to mind the blessings of freedom and peace purchased by his arm. They gazed with wonder on their fellow-citizen, who appeared more great and worthy of esteem in resigning his power, than he had done in gloriously using it. Every heart was big with emotion. Tears of admiration and gratitude burst from every eye. The general sympathy was felt by the resigning hero, and wet his cheek with a manly tear. After a decent pause, he addressed Thomas Mifflin, the president of congress, in the following words:

"The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our

cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of Heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and for the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

"While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the persons, who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend, in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of congress.

"I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

This address being ended, General Washington advanced and delivered his commission into the hands of the president of congress, who replied as follows:

"The United States, in congress assembled, receive,

with emotions too affecting for utterance, the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and doubtful war.

"Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without friends or a government to support you.

"You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have, by the love and confidence of your fellow-citizens, enabled them to display their martial genius, and transmit their fame to posterity: you have persevered, till these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in safety, freedom and independence; on which happy event we sincerely join you in congratulations.

"Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages. We feel with you our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interest of those confidential officers, who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

"We join you in commending the interests of our *dearest country* to the protection of Almighty God,

beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation; and for you we address to him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all his care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious, and that he will finally give you that reward, which this world cannot give."

LESSON LXXXVI.

WHAT YOUNG LADIES SHOULD READ.

A TASTE for reading is important to all intellectual beings. To our sex, it may be pronounced peculiarly necessary. It is important to all, because it is the way in which aliment is conveyed to the mind; and to our sex peculiarly necessary, because dwelling much on the contemplation of little things, they are in danger of losing the intellectual appetite. A taste for reading is therefore to them, an armour of defense. Home, the woman's province, admits of little variety. She should, therefore, diversify it by an acquaintance with the world of intellect, and shed over it the freshness derived from the exhaustless fountains of knowledge. She should render herself an entertaining and instructive fireside companion, by daily replenishing her treasury, with that gold which the hand of the robber may not waste, nor the rust of time corrode. Every young lady who, at leaving school, entertains a clear and comfortable conviction that she has finished her education, should recollect the reproof of the excellent

Dr. Rush to a young physician, who spoke of the time when he finished his studies: "*When you finished your studies!* Why, you must be a happy man to have finished so young. I do not expect to finish mine as long as I live." Life is but one great school, and we are all pupils, differing in growth and progress, but all subjects of discipline, all invested with the proud privilege of acquiring knowledge, as long as the mind retains its powers.

But while the value of knowledge renders a *taste for reading* so important, *the choice of books* is equally so. Books produce the same effect on the mind, that diet does on the body. They may either impart no salutary nutriment, or convey that which is pernicious. Miscellaneous reading has become so fashionable, and its materials so multifarious, that it is difficult to know how to select, or where to fix a limit.

Works of imagination usually predominate in the libraries of young ladies. To condemn them in a mass, as has been sometimes done, is hardly just. Some of them are the productions of the finest minds, and abound with the purest sentiments. Yet, discrimination, with regard to them, is exceedingly important, and such discrimination as a novice cannot exercise. The young should therefore ask guidance of an experienced and cultivated mind, and devote to this class of reading, only a moderate portion of time, as to a recreation.

History has ever been warmly commended to the attention of the young. It imparts knowledge of human nature, and supplies lofty subjects for contemplation. It should be read with constant reference to *geography* and chronology. A fine writer has called

these "the eyes of history." They are are also the grappling irons by which it adheres to memory. As some historians are deficient in dates, or not lucid in their arrangement, a table of chronology, and an atlas, ancient and modern, should be the inseparable companions of all books of history, which are to be studied with profit. It is a good practice to fix in the memory some important eras—the subversion of an empire, for instance—and then ascertain what events were taking place in all other nations, at the same period of time. A few of these parallels, running through the History of the World, will collect rich clusters of knowledge, and arrange them in the conservatory of the mind.

History is replete with moral lessons. The instability of human power, the tyranny of man over his brother, and the painful truth that the great are not always the good, mark almost every feature of its annals.

Read History with candor and independence of mind. The opinions of the historian should be examined, and the gilding stripped from false glory. The admiration so profusely bestowed on warriors and conquerors, should be analyzed. And if conquerors are discovered to have wrought more evil than good, to have polluted the fountains of peace and liberty; and to have wantonly shed blood and caused misery for their own aggrandizement, let the sentence upon their deeds be given in equity.

Next in intellectual interest to History, and superior to it in its influence upon the heart, is the study of Biography. Through this familiar intercourse with the wise and good, we forget the difference of rank, and the distance upon earth's surface that divided us.

We almost listen to their voices, and number them among our household friends. We see the methods by which they became distinguished, the labors by which their eminence was purchased, the piety that rendered them beloved, and our desire of imitation is awakened. As by our chosen associates, the character is modified, so the heart exhibits some transcript of the models kept most constantly in its view.

The poets will naturally be favorites, in the library of an educated young lady. They refine sensibility, and convey instruction. They are the friends of nature and knowledge, and quicken in the heart a taste for both.

Your course of reading should also comprise the annals of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. Perhaps human genius has never displayed itself more gloriously than in these departments. To throw life into inanimate canvass—to make dull marble breathe—indicate a[illegible]ch of creative power as may be deputed to man. The efforts of the Grecian chisel have been the world's admiration for two thousand years. And though the colors of that pencil have faded, the names of those painters still survive in the freshness of immortality.

Mental Philosophy claims a high rank among the studies of youth. It promotes self knowledge, one of the direct avenues to wisdom. If the map of man be interesting, though darkened with crimes, and stained with blood, how much more, the peaceful map of the mind, that "mind which is the standard of the man."

I am persuaded that you would find Logic a subject of sufficient interest to enter into your course of reading. The *art of thinking*, so important to all who

have the power of thought, is possibly too little studied by our sex. A science, which, according to the concise definition of Watts, "teaches to use reason well, in inquiries after truth," is an important aid in the acquisition of all other sciences.

Ethics and sacred literature will undoubtedly occupy a prominent place in your system. These embrace a wide range, and comprehend some of the most gifted minds of which our world can boast. Books for perusal on the Sabbath, should ever partake of the character of that consecrated day. The command, to rescue a seventh part of our time from the vanities of life, and select such topics of meditation and discourse as serve to prepare for a higher and purer state of existence, is indeed a great privilege. Let the Scriptures form a part of the study of every day.

All systematic reading should be with a fixed purpose to remember and to profit. Cultivate the retentive power, by daily and persevering exercise. If any one complains that she has a weak memory, it is her own fault. She does not take due pains to give it strength. Does she forget the period for meals, the season for repose? Does she forget the appointed hour for the evening party, or to furnish herself with a fitting dress in which to appear there? Does she forget the plot of the last romance, or the notes of a fashionable piece of music? Yet some of these involve detail, and require application. Why, then, might not the same mind contain a few historical facts, with their correlative dates? Frankly, because it does not feel the same interest, nor put forth the same effort.

I am inclined to think memory capable of indefinite

improvement, by a judicious and persevering regimen. Read, therefore, what you desire to remember, with concentrated and undivided attention. Close the book, and reflect. Undigested food throws the whole frame into a ferment. Were we as well acquainted with our intellectual as with our physical structure, we should see undigested knowledge producing equal disorder in the mind.

To strengthen the memory, the best course is not to commit page after page verbatim, but to give the substance of the author, correctly and clearly, in your own language. Thus the understanding and memory are exercised at the same time, and the prosperity of the mind is not so much advanced, by the undue prominence of any *one faculty*, as by the true balance and vigorous action of *all*. Memory and understanding are also fast friends, and the light which one gains will be reflected upon the other.

Use judgment in selecting from the mass of what you read, the parts which it will be useful or desirable to remember. Separate and arrange them, and give them in charge to memory. Tell her it is her duty to keep them, and to bring them forth when you require. She has the capacities of a faithful servant, and possibly the dispositions of an idle one. But you have the power of enforcing obedience, and of overcoming her infirmities.

To facilitate the management of memory, it is well to keep in view that her office is threefold. Her first effort is to *receive* knowledge; her second, to *retain* it; her last, to *bring it forth*, when it is needed. The first act is solitary, the silence of fixed attention. The

next is also sacred to herself and her ruling power, and consists in frequent, thorough examination of the state and order of the things committed to her. The third act is social, rendering her treasures available to the good of others. Daily intercourse with a cultivated mind, is the best method to rivet, refine and polish the hoarded gems of knowledge. Conversation with intelligent men, is eminently serviceable. For after all our exu'tation on the advancing state of female education, with the other sex will be found the wealth of classical knowledge and profound wisdom. If you have a parent, or older friend, who will at the close of each day kindly listen to what you have read, and help to fix in your memory the portions most worthy of regard, count it a privilege of no common value, and embrace it with sincere gratitude.

LESSON LXXXVII.

THE BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep
  Through death's untroubled night:
We are but two—O let us keep
  The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
  That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
  Alike we fondly claim

We in one mother's arms were locked—
  Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
  Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
  Each little joy and wo :—
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
  Lit up so long ago.

WE ARE BUT TWO—be that the band
  To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
  Till side by side we lie.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

I THOUGHT HE SLEPT.

I SAW the infant cherub—soft it lay,
As it was wont, within its cradle, now
Decked with sweet smelling flowers. A sight so strange
Filled my young breast with wonder, and I gazed
Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept—
And yet its little bosom did not move!
I bent me down to look into its eyes,
But they were closed; then softly clasped its hand;
But mine it would not clasp. What should I do?
"Wake, brother, wake!" I then, impatient, cried;
"Open thine eyes, and look on me again!"
He would not hear my voice. All pale beside

My weeping mother sat, "and gazed and looked
Unutterable things." "Will he not wake?"
I eager asked. She answered but with tears.
Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous look,
Were cast—now on the babe once more were fixed—
And now on me: then, with convulsive sigh
And throbbing heart, she clasped me in her arms,
And, in a tone of anguish, faintly said—
"My dearest boy, thy brother does not sleep;
Alas! he's dead; he never will awake."
He's dead! I knew not what it meant, but more
To know I sought not. For the words so sad—
"He never will awake"—sunk in my soul:
I felt a pang unknown before; and tears,
That angels might have shed, my heart dissolved.

LESSON LXXXIX.

GENIUS WAKING.

SLUMBER'S heavy chain hath bound thee—
  Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee—
  Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell recall thee—
  From inglorious dreams?
O, could glory so appal thee
  With his burning beams!

Thine was once the highest pinion
  In the midway air;
With a proud and sure dominion,
  Thou didst upward bear.

Like the herald, winged with lightning,
  From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
  Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of heaven
  Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
  Where no fountain flows—
Far above the rolling thunder,
  When the surging storm
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
  We beheld thy form.

From that cloudless region stooping,
  Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping
  But the tempest's gush.
Up again undaunted soaring,
  Thou didst pierce the cloud,
When the warring winds were roaring
  Fearfully and loud

Hark! his rustling plumage gathers
  Closer to his side,
Close, as when the storm-bird weathers
  Ocean's hurrying tide
Now his nodding beak is steady—
  Wide his burning eye—
Now his opening wings are ready,
  And his aim—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly
  Now is stretched for flight—

Hark! his wings—they thunder loudly,
And their flash—how bright!
Onward—onward over mountains,
Through the rock and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flits his glancing form.

LESSON XC.

THE YANKEE MARKSMAN.

LORD PERCY, with his regiment, firing at a target on Bost Common.

JONATHAN, an awkward looking country boy, that had outgrow his jacket and trowsers.

Percy. Now, my boys, for a trial of your skill Imagine the mark to be a Yankee; and here is guinea for whoever hits his heart.

[*Jonathan draws near to see the trial; and whe the first soldier fires, and misses, he slaps h hand on his thigh, and laughs immoderatel Lord Percy notices him. When the secon soldier fires, and misses, Jonathan throws a his old hat, and laughs again.*]

Percy, [*very crossly*]. Why do you laugh, fellow

Jonathan. To think how safe the Yankees are; you must know.

Percy. Why, do you think *you* could shoot better

Jonathan. I don't know; I could try.

Percy. Give him a gun, soldier, and you may r turn the fellow's laugh.

Jonathan [*takes the gun, and looks at every part of it carefully, and then says,*] It won't *bust*, will it? Father's gun don't shine like this, but I guess it's a better gun.

Percy. Why? Why do you guess so?

Jonathan. 'Cause I know what that'll deu, and I have some doubts about this-ere. But look o' here! You called that-air mark a Yankee; and I won't fire at a Yankee.

Percy. Well, call it a British regular, if you please; only fire.

Jonathan. Well, a reg'lar it is, then. Now for freedom, as father says. [*He raises the gun and fires.*] There, I guess that-air red coat has got a hole in it! [*Turning to the soldiers.*] Why don't you laugh, now, as that-air fellow said you might. [*Pointing to Percy.*]

Percy. You awkward rascal, that was an accident. Do you think you could hit the mark again?

Jonathan. He! I don't know; I can try.

Percy. Give him another gun, soldiers; and take care that the clown does not shoot you. I should not fear to stand before the mark myself.

Jonathan. I guess you'd better not.

Percy. Why? Do you think you could hit me?

Jonathan. I don't know; I could try.

Percy. Fire away, then.

[*Jonathan fires, and again hits the mark.*]

Jonathan. Ha, ha, ha! How father would laugh to see me shooting at half-gun-shot!

Percy. Why, you rascal, do you think you could hit the mark at twice that distance?

Jonathan. He! I don't know; I'm not afeard to try.

Percy. Give him another gun, soldiers, and place the mark farther off.

[*Jonathan fires again, and hits as before.*]

Jonathan. There, I guess that-air reg'lar is as dead as the pirate that father says the judge hangs till he is dead, dead, dead, three times dead; and that is one more death than Scripter tells on.

Percy. There, fellow, is a guinea for you.

Jonathan. Is it a good one? [*Ringing it.*]

Percy. Good? Yes. Now begone.

Jonathan. I should like to stay, and see them fellows kill some more Yankees.

Percy, [*aside*]. The fellow is more rogue than fool. [*To Jonathan.*] Sirrah, what is your name?

Jonathan. Jonathan.

Percy. Jonathan what?

Jonathan. Wot'll you give to know?

Percy. What is your father's name?

Jonathan. He was named arter me.

Percy. You lying rogue, how could that be, if you are his son?

Jonathan. Why, you see, his name was George, and he was afeard they'd think he was called arter King George, and so the Gin'ral Court altered it to Joe.

Percy. Do you think your father can shoot as well as you do.

Jonathan. I don't know; but I guess he wouldn't be afeard to try.

Percy. Where did you learn your skill?

Jonathan. O, father larnt me, when I wasn't knee high to a woodchuck.

Percy. Why did he teach you so young?

Jonathan. 'Cause, he said I might have to shoot red-coats, one of these days.

Percy. Ah! Pray, my boy, do all the farmers in your town shoot as well as you do?

Jonathan. Yes, and better, teu.

Percy. Would they like to shoot at red-coats, as you call them?

Jonathan. I've heerd 'em say they'd like to try.

Percy. Come, my good fellow, while you are well off, you had better join us, and fight for your king; for we shall hang every Yankee we catch.

Jonathan. I guess you won't catch any.

Percy. Well, we can *try*, as you say; and, since we have caught you, we will hang you for a traitor.

Jonathan. No you won't. You paid me yourself for killing them three red-coats; so I guess you won't hang me for *that*?

Percy. No, my good fellow, I like you too well. I am sorry that my duty to my king obliges me to injure men who show in every thought and action that they are true Englishmen. You may go free; but the next time you see my troops firing at a mark for exercise, you must not be so uncivil as to laugh at them, if they miss. What say you?

Jonathan. I don't know whether I can help it.

Percy. Well, you can *try*, can't you?

Jonathan. I 'spose I can; for Deacon Simple tried to milk his geese, but his wife didn't make no more butter for his trying, I guess.

Percy. Begone! or I shall have to put you under guard. Officer, give him a pass to Charlestown; but never let him come among our troops again. His example is a bad one.

LESSON XCI.

THE MILLER.

KING—MILLER—COURTIER.

King. (*Enters alone, wrapped in a cloak.*) No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain. I have lost my way, undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king! Night shows me no respect; I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than other men? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch I have found the man. But hark! somebody sure is near. What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it. (*Enter the miller.*)

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. (*Aside.*) Lie, lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. (*Aloud.*) Upon my word I don't, sir.

Miller. Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, haven't you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect.

I heard a gun go off, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name!

King. Name!

Miller. Name! aye, name. You have a name, haven't you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer; so if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! what authority have you to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his Majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood, and I will let no suspicious fellow pass this way, unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. Very well, sir; I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

Miller. You don't deserve it, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honor to belong to the king as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us to-day a great

way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this, now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What, do you live at court, and not lie! That's a likely story, indeed!

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, (*offering money*); and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Aye, now I am convinced you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again; John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. Prithee don't thee and thou me at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with you until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

King. You are right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night if you were the king himself.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

(*Enter a courtier in haste.*)

Courtier. Ah! is your majesty safe? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

Miller. How! are you the king! (*Kneels.*) Your majesty will pardon the ill usage you have received. (*The King draws his sword.*) His majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully!

King. No, my good fellow. So far from having any thing to pardon, I am much your debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood, and a pledge of my protection; and to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue.

LESSON XCII.

PEDIGREE.

Mary. AUNT BETTY, why are you always mending that old picture?

Aunt Betty. Old picture, Miss! and pray who told you to call it an old picture?

Mary. Pray, aunt, is it not an old picture? I am sure it looks ragged enough to be old.

Aunt Betty. And pray, niece, is it not ten times more valuable on that account? I wish I could ever make you entertain a proper respect for your family.

Mary. Do I not respect the few that remain of them, and yourself among the rest? But what has that old—what shall I call it?—to do with our family?

Aunt Betty. It is our family coat of arms—the only document which remains to establish the nobility and purity of our blood.

Mary. What is purity of blood, aunt? I am sure I overheard Mrs. Pimpleton say your complexion was almost orange, and she believed it arose from some *im*purity of the blood.

Aunt Betty. Tut tut, you hussy! I am sure my complexion will not suffer by a comparison with any of the Pimpleton race. [*Tossing up her head.*] But that is neither here nor there: it matters not what the complexion is, or the present state of the blood, provided the source is pure. Do people drink the less water because it filtrates through clay?

Mary. But what *is* pure and noble blood, aunt?

Aunt Betty. Blood, my dear, which has proceeded

from some great and celebrated man, through the veins of many generations, without any mixture with vulgar blood.

Mary. Then whom did we proceed from, aunt Betty?

Aunt Betty. From Sir Gregory McGrincell, who lived in the time of Elizabeth, and left sons a dozen, from the youngest of whom, James McGrincell, gentleman, we are descended.

Mary. What does a *gentleman* mean, aunt?

Aunt Betty. It means one who has too high a sense of his ancestry to engage in any of what are vulgarly called the *useful employments.*

Mary. It must mean a lazy man, then, I should think. Was he not extremely poor, aunt?

Aunt Betty. Poor? What is poverty in the scale of nobility? It is the glory of our house, that they have always preferred honorable poverty to disgraceful industry.

Mary. Why, aunt, everybody does not think as you do. I heard the parson's wife say you would be a better Christian, and serve your maker more faithfully, by doing something profitable, than by spending your time in idleness, and depending upon the church for support.

Aunt Betty. She had better mind her own business, and not slander her parishioners. Mighty well, indeed! if the descendant of Sir Gregory McGrincell is to be taught her duty to her ancestors by the daughter of a ploughman, and the wife of a country parson!

Mary. I am sure she is a very good woman, and my mother considers her a pattern of humility.

Aunt Betty. Did she display her humility in walk-

ing before me at the deacon's funeral? Answer me that.

Mary. *She* had not the arrangement of the procession, aunt.

Aunt Betty. She ought to have known her place, however. I shall take care how I go to any more vulgar funerals to be insulted, I promise you.

Mary. I can not see what should make us better than our neighbors, for my mother once told me that your grandfather was only a hostler.

Aunt Betty. Your mother takes a great deal of pains to expose the dark spots in our escutcheon. But did she ever tell you that, when my grandfather was engaged in that profession, it was customary for gentlemen to be their own grooms? No, I'll warrant not.

Mary. Then there is no disgrace in any employment, if it be only fashionable?

Aunt Betty. None at all, my dear; for Count Rumford was a cook, and Sir Isaac Newton a spectacle maker.

Mary. But of what use is our noble blood in this country, aunt, where merit alone is respected?

Aunt Betty. Merit, indeed! and what have we to do with merit? It is well enough for those of vulgar origin to possess *merit*; the well-born do not need it.

Mary. How did our great ancestor obtain his title, then?

Aunt Betty. O, to be sure, the founder of a family must do something to deserve his title.

Mary. What did Sir Gregory do?

Aunt Betty. Do! why, he painted so flattering a

likeness of Queen Elizabeth, that she knighted him immediately.

Mary. Then he was a painter by trade?

Aunt Betty. *By trade!* The minx will drive me distracted. Be it known to you, miss, we have never had a *tradesman* in our family; and I trust I never shall live to see it so degraded. Painting was merely Sir Gregory's *profession.*

Mary. I hope I shall learn in time to make the proper distinctions; but I fear it will be difficult, for my mother always taught me to allow no other distinction than that of personal worth, and I must confess I do not see the propriety of any other.

Aunt Betty. No, and I presume you never will, while your mother entertains her present low ideas of *meritorious industry*, as she pleases to call the occupation of those who are mean enough to work for their living. I did hope to make you sensible of the dignity of your descent; but I now find I must look elsewhere for an heir to my invaluable legacy—this precious, precious coat of arms.

LESSON XCIII.

FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

(*Robin Roughhead discovered raking hay*)

Robin. Ah! work, work, work! all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the lookout;

and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's a sixpence gone plump. (*Comes forward.*) I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now if I was lord of this place I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'um, not I. Now, there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

(*Enter Snacks, bowing very obsequiously—Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.*)

Rob. I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little. I hope you'll excuse it. I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Excuse it! I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Wall! I never knew as I had a hump before! Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh, you mean the Lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, you must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very deuce with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what? Why, now I look at you, I see how it is; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Dickens! how your eyes do roll! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at! Don't come near me, for you've been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship would be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship. Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons; and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here. My name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat. I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Why, then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend, whilst I read this letter. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—

This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate: the woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of false shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife. She has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son, called Robin Roughhead. Now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command,

"KIT CODICIL, *Att'y at Law.*"

Rob. What!—What, all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the—what! are they, are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute, now, but tell me, is it so? Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! Huzza! (*Catches off Snack's hat and wig.*) Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; set—go get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower their rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favor to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord! He'll be a savory bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Hang your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter: stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious. Zounds! what a peer of the realm! (*Aside and exit.*)

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village! Work? no, there shall be no such thing as work: it shall be all play. Where shall I go? I'll go to—no, I won't go there! I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—no, I'll not go there; I'll go—I'll go nowhere; yes, I will; I'll go everywhere; I'll be neither here nor there, nor any where else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

(*Enter villagers, shouting.*)

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads? Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord?

Villagers. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all!

All. Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. (*All shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

All. Huzza! huzza!

(*Enter Snacks.*)

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money. He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you. (*Throws the money: they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your mouths for you. (*Villagers carry him off, shouting—Snacks follows.*)

LESSON XCIV.

A SCENE IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

We first came to the verge of the precipice, from which the water takes its leap upon a platform that projects with the rock many feet over the chasm. Here we gazed into the dell and the basin into which the stream pours itself from the beetling cliff. But the prospect from this point is far less thrilling than from below; and we accordingly began our descent. Winding round the crags, and following a foot-path between the overhanging trees, we gradually, and with some difficulty, descended so far as to have a fine view of the station which we had just left. The scene here is magnificent beyond description. Far under the blackened canopy of everlasting rock, that shoots above to an alarming extent over the abyss, the eye glances round a vast and regular amphitheatre, which seems to be the wild assembling-place of all the spirits of the storms,—so rugged, so deep, so secluded, and yet so threatening does it appear! Down from the midst of the cliff that overarches this wonderful excavation, and dividing in the midst the gloom that seems to settle within it, comes the foaming torrent, splendidly relieved upon the black surface of the enduring walls, and throwing its wreaths of mist along the frowning ceiling. Following the guide that had brought us thus far down the chasm, we passed into the amphitheatre, and, moving under the terrific projection, stood in the centre of this sublime and stu-

pendous work;—the black, iron-bound rocks behind us, and the snowy cataract springing between us and the boiling basin, which still lay under our feet. Here the scene was unparalleled. Here seemed to be the theatre for a people to stand in, and behold the prodigies and fearful wonders of the Almighty, and feel their own insignificance. Here admiration and astonishment come unbidden over the soul, and the most obdurate heart feels that there is something to be grateful for. Indeed, the scene from this spot is so sublime, and so well calculated to impress the feelings with a sense of the power and grandeur of nature, that, apart from all other considerations, it is worthy of long journeying and extreme toil to behold it. Having taken refreshment, we descended to the extreme depth of the ravine, and, with certain heroic ladies, who somehow dared the perils of the path, we gazed from this place upon the sheet of water, falling from a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet. This is a matter of which Niagara would not speak lightly; and there is wanting only a heavy fall of water to make this spot not only magnificent—for that it is now—but terribly sublime. Mountains ascend and overshadow it; crags and precipices project themselves in menacing assemblages all about, as though frowning over a ruin which they are only waiting some fiat to make yet more appalling. Nature has hewed out a resting place for man, where he may linger, and gaze, and admire! Below him she awakens her thunder, and darts her lightning; above him she lifts still loftier summits, and round him she flings her spray and her rainbows!

LESSON XCV.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

GENERAL AND SPECIAL RULES

FOR

PRONOUNCING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Deduced from the composition of the words themselves, and in most cases, giving an infallible Rule, by which to determine on what syllable the *main* accent should fall. This point being settled, the places of the semi-accents cannot be mistaken.

EXPLANATIONS.

For the definition of a prefix and suffix, see pages 113 and 130 of "Town's Speller."

By the *root* of a word, we mean that part which belongs *exclusively* to the primitive form, and is not combined with any other word, syllable, or letter; as *press*.

By a *separable* prefix, we mean that part which may be taken from the primitive root, and leave a significant English word; as from *impress*, *im* may be thus taken.

By an *inseparable* prefix is meant, such combination of a word, syllable, or letter, with the *root*, that as an English word, a separation of the parts would destroy the English signification of both; as *depute*, which, in Latin, is composed of *de*, and *puto*, but in English they may not be separated.

The classical scholar will readily distinguish what are prefixes, at sight; and the English scholar, by a little attention to Town's Analysis, can do the same.

Penult, means the last syllable but one.

Antepenult, is the last syllable but two.

Rules for applying suffixes, see page 110 of "Speller."

It is believed the following Rules will not only contribute to uniformity in pronunciation, but aid in settling the disputed accent of many words.

I. General Rule.—Words of *two* syllables, the *first* of which is a separable, or inseparable prefix, commonly take the accent on the second; as de-báse, procláim; but if the *first* syllable partakes of the root, the accent generally falls on the first; as *úr-gent*, *tál-ent*.

NOTE.—This rule has an extensive application, and the main exceptions are found in those words which may be used, either as *nouns* or *verbs*. When used as nouns, the accent, in most cases, rests on the first syllable; as, an *éx-tract*, his *cón-duct*; but when used as verbs, the accent commonly falls on the second; as, to *ex-trâct*, to *con-dúct*.

1st Rule. All words of *one* syllable, becoming words of *two* syllables, by adding the following *single* suffixes, as seen italicised in the examples, invariably retain the accent on the first syllable; viz:

art-*ist*	fear-*ful*	just-*ice*	serv-*ant*
boy-*hood*	form-*al*	learn-*ed*	solv-*ent*
clear-*ance*	fool-*ish*	mass-*ive*	tru-*ism*
class-*ic*	frail-*ty*	peer-*age*	town-*ship*
duke-*dom*	farm-*er*	pomp-*ous*	tire-*some*
drunk-*ard*	flux-*ion*	pave-*ment*	team-*ster*
dark-*en*	good-*ness*	press-*ure*	walk-*ing*
beast-*ly*	hope-*less*	penn-*ate*	

2d Rule. All words of *one* syllable, becoming words of three or four syllables, by the addition of the following *combined* suffixes, as italicised, always retain the *main* accent on the first syllable; viz:

act-*ively*	faith-*fulness*	just-*ify*	shame-*lessness*
act-*uate*	fals-*ifiable*	learn-*edly*	shagg-*edness*
act-*iveness*	fawn-*ingly*	love-*liness*	scar-*ifying*
brut-*alize*	fix-*edness*	loath-*someness*	sweet-*ening*
care-*lessly*	fault-*ily*	lone-*somely*	sens-*itively*
clown-*ishly*	fat-*alism*	lax-*ative*	san-*ativeness*
child-*ishness*	form-*alist*	pay-*able*	sens-*ibly*
charm-*ingness*	fruit-*ery*	peace-*ably*	tend-*ency*
class-*ically*	hard-*ened*	pomp-*ously*	verb-*ally*
change-*ableness*	joy-*fully*	pomp-*ousness*	dust-*iness*

3d Rule.—All words of *three* or more syllables, ending in *ability*, *ibility*, *ical*, *ity* or *ety*, have the *main* accent, invariably, on the antepenult; as sensibílity, económical, curiósity.

NOTE.—When two vowels come together in words ending in *ity*, the one under accent is always long, as Dēity. If *one* consonant intervene, *all* are short except *u*; as lĕvity. If *two* consonants intervene, *u* is short; as cŭrvity.

4th Rule. All that numerous class of words consisting of no more than *three* syllables, the last letter of which is *y*, not preceded by a vowel, as in *attorney*, nor mute *e* before *ly*, as in *profúsely*, are very uniformly accented on *the first* syllable, as félony, ártery.

5th Rule. All words ending in tion, sion, ion, cious, tious, ciate, tiate, cient, tient, tial, tia, cian, cial, cia, ceous, geous, gious, and geon, when pronounced in *one syllable*, invariably take the *main* accent on the syllable *preceding* those terminations; as confederátion. Nothiug but *ity* after *al*, in words in *ion*, ever removes the accent; as nátion, nátional, nationálity.

NOTE.—When the above terminations are preceded by a vowel, it is very uniformly long; as loquácious, unless it be *i*, which is uniformly short; as ambition.

6th Rule. All words of *three* or *more* syllables, having the following terminations, viz: cracy, gamy, graphy, logy, machy, metry, nomy, phony, pathy, tomy, thropy, lysis, ferous, gerous, vorous, *always* take the accent on the antepenult, as:

anátomy	geógraphy	theólogy	armígerous
antípathy	demócracy	polyg'amy	pestíferous
astrónomy	geómetry	philánthropy	carnívorous
análysis	theómachy	sym´phony	

NOTE.—No change in the above terminations, as astronomy into astronomer, &c.; nor any addition of prefixes or suffixes, except *cian*, *ial*, and *ic*, ever changes the place of accent.

7th Rule. All words ending in *ics*, (politics excepted,) are accented on the penult; as óptics, mechánics.

8th Rule. Words ending in *ic* when a suffix, and with few exceptions when otherwise, are accented on the penult; as dramátic, alphabétic.

NOTE.—The suffix *ic*, when added to words of *more* than one syllable, always changes the place of accent; as méthod, methódic; except in six cases, as chóleric.

9th Rule. All words of *two* syllables, endiug in *le*, including no other vowel in the same syllable, are always accented on the first, as círcle; but if the word consist of *more* than two syllables, the accent, with few exceptions, falls on the antepenult; as árticle.

NOTE.—The suffixes *able* and *ible* never fall under this rule, except the world *á-ble*. Words of two syllables frequently add *r*, as cóbbler; but never change the accent.

10th Rule. Words of *three* or more syllables, ending in *ate*, with a *single* consonant between the vowel of the *penult* syllable and *ate*, (including *cr* and *tr*;) or with *no* consonant intèrvening, take the accent on the antepenult; as fáb-ri-cate, re-tál-i-ate, cón-se-crate. But if two conso-

nants, other than *cr* nnd *tr* intervene, the accent is on the penult; as in-cár-nate.

NOTE.—The exceptions are, mágistrate, législate, pótentate, péregrinate, and a few words *always* known by the doubling of l.

REMARK.—This is evidence that *contemplate*, *compensate*, and such words of disputed accent, *should* come under the rule of *double* consonants.. Words in *ate* often drop *e*, and take *ion*, adding a syllable, and changing the accent; as ém-u-late, em-u-lá-tion. Rule 5.

11th Rule. Words in *ment* of *three* or more syllables, ending the *penult* in *ize*, *ish*, or a *vowel*, take the accent on the antepenult, as bánishment; but if the *penult* end with a *consonant*, mute *e*, or a *diphthong*, the accent rests on the penult, as depártment, confínement, enjóyment.

NOTE.—The exceptions are but few, and easily distinguished. *Al*, *ary*, and *ative*, always bring the accent to *ment*, as áliment, aliménT, al-ary, árgument, arguméntative.

12th Rule. All words of *three* syllables in *able*, *ible*, *ably*, *ibly*, and all words of *four* syllables, in ableness, ibleness, are accented on the first, as móvable, blámableness.

13th Rule. All words in *tive*, preceded by a *single* consonant, *mp* or *nc*, and all words in *ive*, preceded by *s* or *c*, (except substantive and adjective,) are accented on the penult; as illúsive, reténtive, comprehénsive.

14th Rule. All words of *three* syllables in *ary* and *ory*, (except canáry and vagáry,) are accented on the first, as sálary, mémory.

NOTE.—Canary and vagary ought not to be exceptions.

15th Rule. All words in *ary* and *ory*, preceded by *s*, or in which *tary* and *tory*, are preçeded by *p* or *c*, are accented on the antepenult; as persuásory, perémptory. The only exceptions are ádversary, with five others, doubling *s;* as prómissory. But all other words of *four* syllables *only*, in this class, are accented on the first, as mónitory.

II. General Rule. Two methods for finding the accented syllable in *all* words of *more* than *three* syllables, in *ive* or *able*, and of *more* than *four* in *ary* and *ory*. 1st. The accent, very uniformly, rests on the first syllable of the *root*, as *con*-fórmable. If a *single* letter of the root unites *with a prefix*, or *that letter* is doubled for euphony, it usu-

ally carries the accent; as prédicable. 2d. When the words of these terminations are *accurately* divided into their proper syllables, according to the established rules of syllibication, the accent, with very few exceptions, falls on the first syllable ending with a *consonant*, and *preceding* those terminations, as cótemporary.

NOTE.—Nearly all exceptions to this second method are words in which the antepenult syllable ends in *on*, *or*, *it*, *er*, or *ment*; as párdonable, hábitable, conféderative, &c.

16th Rule. All words of more than *two* syllables in *fy*, invariably take the accent on the antepenult; as glórify, persónify.

17th Rule. Words of *three* or *more* syllables in *ous*, having a *single* consonant between the vowel of the penult syllable and *ous*, or with *no* consonant intervening, are accented on the antepenult; as parsimónious. But if *two* consonants intervene, the accent is on the penult; as treméndous.

NOTE.—The exceptions do not exceed twelve words, two of which, canórous and sónorous, ought not to be included.

18th Rule. *As*, *es*, *is* or *os*, preceding *ent* or *ence*, as the *last* syllable, are always under accent; as convaléscent.

19th Rule. Words of *three* or *more* syllables in *ant*, *ent*, *ance* and *ence*, when a *single* consonant comes between the vowel of the *penult* syllable and the vowel of the final syllable, or when *no* consonant intervenes, are accented on the antepenult, as equívalent; but if *two* consonants intervene, or the final syllable or penult contains a diphthong, the accent falls on the penult; as refúlgent, achiévance, convénient.

NOTE.—The exceptions in this numerous class of words are but few. Under the *first* clause of the rule, they may commonly be known by *u*, *v*, *r*, or *i*, before *ant* or *ent*; and in the *second* clause by *s*, *st*, or *ll*, before *ant* or *ent*. *Al* and *ial* always bring the accent to *ent*; as párent, paréntal, cónsequent, consequéntial.

REMARK.—Most words in *cy* are derived from those ending in *ant*, *ent*, *ance*, *ence*, or *ate*, by dropping *t* and *e* final, and adding *y* or *cy*; as úrgent, úrgency, délicate, délicacy. *Cy* always adds a syllable, but never changes the accent.

III. General Rule. Words of *more* than *two* syllables, the last two letters of which are *al*, *an*, *ar*, or *um*, having but *one* consonant (and oftentimes *none*) between the vowel

of the penult syllable and those terminations, are very generally accented on the antepenult, as ma-té-rial; but if *two* consonants intervene, the accent commonly falls on the penult; as diúrnal.

NOTE.—The terminations *orial* and *lar* uniformly accent the antepenult. The main exceptions to the rule are, when *v*, *s*, or *e* precede those terminations, when it usually falls on the penult; as id'al.

20th Rule. Words of *three* syllables in *ize*, *ist*, *ism*, are uniformly accented on the first; as légalize. But if the word consist of *four* or *more* syllables, the accent, with very few exceptions, is one on the pre-antepenult; as partícularize, presbytérianism.

NOTE.—The exceptions are among such words as have prefixes; as extémporize, monópolize, marking the root by accent.

21st Rule. Words of *more* than *two* syllables in *ude*, are accented on the antepenult; as látitude, decrépitude.

22d Rule. Words of *three* syllables, the *first* two of which are prefixes, and words ending in *ade*, are very uniformly accented on the last; as intercéde, lemonáde.

23d Rule. Words ending in *ure*, with few exceptions, take the accent on the first syllable of the root; as f ígure, literature; *pro*-cúre, *en*-clósure.

OBSERVATION.—After the place of accent has been found in the several classes of words, according to the above Rules, thousands of *other* words are, by prefixes and suffixes, afterwards formed from *them*. The accent, however, as *first found*, is seldom changed by any suffixes subsequently added, except by such as come under Special Rules. For a single example of this, take a word in *ate*, coming under Rule 10, as:—

Communicate, ed, ing, ble, bleness, ive, ively, iveness, ory, *ion*, *bility*. Here the accent remains unchanged, till *ion* and *bility* are added, when it is removed, as per Rules 5th and 3d.

In a few instances, the adding of a prefix or suffix, throws back the *first letter* of the root to the prefix, and with it the accent; as pró-bate, rép-ro-bate, pre-fer, préf-er-ence. No suffixes move the accent after fixed by *ic* or *ous;* as drá-ma, dra-mát-ic, al, ally, mél-o-dy, me-ló-di-ous, ously, ousness. Many of the suffixes go in families, as faith-ful, fully, full-ness, less, lessly, lessness, co-hére, ent, ence, ently, ency, &c.